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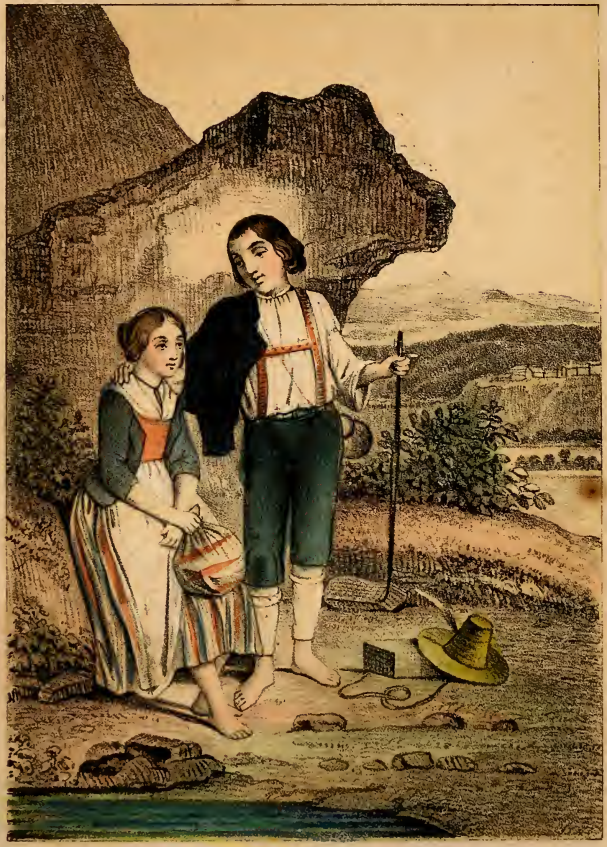

EXAMPLES OF GOODNESS,

Narrated for the Young.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

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EXAMPLES OF GOODNESS.

AUNT CHRISTINA.

Mrs. Morlach was a widow with four children, two boys and two girls. Her very feeble health, the effect of excessive grief for the loss of her husband, impressed her nearest relatives with the saddest forebodings; and the idea, that her children might shortly become motherless, was, to them, insupportable. This brought her mother and brother, who tenderly loved her, together, in order to consult with each other as to means, whereby her life might be preserved for a longer time. They called a consultation of the most eminent physicians, who unanimously declared that undisturbed repose was necessary to restore her shattered health or preserve her life; and that a long residence in Italy would produce the best results.

Mrs. Morlach was day and night surrounded by her children; they could not endure the thought of parting with her: yet a long separation, of many months, was quite necessary.

Providence had moulded the disposition and capacity of the children to amiability. Over their gradual improvement and development watched the attentive eyes of the mother; their progress in learning authorized the brightest hopes. Had they possessed bodily strength and health, no wish would have remained ungratified in respect to them. But both the girls, as well as their brothers, were of a frame of body not very robust; and their personal welfare required a very careful attendance. It cost the mother, therefore, a great struggle before she could resolve to leave her children; yet she was so rational as to submit to the representations of her faithful mother and brother, as well as of the doctors. Even her love to her children, whom she ardently sought longer to maintain, bade her consider herself in the separation. It was finally resolved that the children should, during her absence, live at a country seat, and it was hoped also, that this residence would be very conducive to their health.

But the great question now was—where could any person be found to supply, in any mode of education, the place of a mother; who would understand not only how to nurture children carefully, but also be capable, at the same time, of instructing herself and them, and of imparting agreeable entertainment, so requisite for children; and to find these qualities also in an aged person, in whose habits work and play must interchange with each other.

After each had thought of it, the brother of Mrs. Morlach at length exclaimed—"I have found an excellent person, who unites in herself all that we desire. It is impossible to find

any that can do better, that I assure you—guess at once whom I mean"—Each tried now to guess the name—"I know it," said Mrs. Morlach—"you mean, dear brother, old Aunt Christina"—"yes, I mean even her," replied the brother. All exulted with delight, and gave their unanimous assent to the choice, as there was in fact no person better qualified for the station than this excellent women. The suffering mother could now without care, withdraw herself from all belonging to her. There was also found, in this choice, a strongly effective means conducive to the recovery of the beloved mother, while on account of her children, she could rest quite at ease.

They resolved to write immediately to Aunt Christina, so that she might hasten her journey as soon as possible. But before we install this good lady in her new sphere of action, we must make the reader more intimately acquainted with her.

Aunt Christian lived in a little village. Her income sufficed for her support, and was even large enough to enable her to bestow many a love-token among the unfortunate in her neighborhood. Her knowledge placed her in a condition to keep a small school, into which she admitted little children gratis; and there taught them especially to love God, and to keep all his holy commandments. After school time, she frequently took short walks with her pupils; and out of doors, in God's displayed nature, pursued her instruction, and made them observant of the magnificent works of Providence, from which man knows the unseen existence of God, his power and sublimity; and explained to them how full the

earth is of good. With that she would let the children gather the most useful herbs, in order to be dried. These she then carefully kept, and in the winter divided them out among the poor to sell to the rich.

Love to God and to mankind, which she impressed upon the children, lived effectively in her own heart. Of this, all her actions were eloquent proofs. She visited the sick, provided them with necessaries, and often nursed them when she deemed it needful. She aided them with advice and by deeds; and frequently divided with them her wine and soup. The villagers proved themselves grateful in return; they would bring her milk, fresh cream, butter, a piece of smoked ham, nuts and apples, and even thick milk for her cats. These gifts Aunt Christina accepted with pleasure, because they were all bestowed by affectionate hearts.

In her movements she was ever the same till even in old age, sprightly and gay; she had a lively spirit, was also judicious, and of the happiest disposition; whence it is quite evident that she was generally beloved. She had in the course of her life seen and heard much, and of which she remembered a great deal. Many a narrative had she gathered, which she knew how to relate in an engaging manner so that every person was charmed, and lent her an attentive ear and an open heart. She knew how to make herself beloved especially by the children, and how to render them cheerful and happy.

She was wont to visit her relatives once every three years. For this occasion, she would save up as much as would buy

herself some new clothing. Her little wardrobe she allowed to be made a trifle after the fashion, her straw hat to have a new ribbon, which she preserved, in the winter, in a napkin made very stiff with liquid blue starch, lest it might become too yellow. Then also would a pair of new shoes be ordered, and a pair of gloves bought; and thus, when nothing more was wanting to her toilet, she gave her little birds, her cats, and dog to a trusty neighbour woman, to feed during her absence; placed her house in order, deposited the house-key at the parsonage for safe keeping; once more visited the poor, and distributed among them whatever provisions she had stored by; then she started, with her traveling bag to the next little town, and there took a hired coach in order to ride, in a becoming manner, to her relatives, who with gladness welcomed her, because she always lived in the utmost harmony with all, and was never burthensome to any. You may well suppose, that her traveling expenses would be richly requited, and that on every occasion, people would increase and renew her wardrobe, so that during the three years which she passed in the village, she was not incumbered with any expense for it.

Although Aunt Christina passed the hours very delightfully amongst her kindred, yet she constantly longed to return to her quiet little hamlet, where she enjoyed incomparably greater pleasures. All there impatiently expected her because she was so kind to all and so cordial in her intentions; there she found her little well arranged garden again, her snug cottage, her dog—the trusty sentinel of the house—and

her cats, which, in her company had forgotten the hereditary fault of their race, treachery they had wholly forsaken, and in constant harmony purred themselves around her. And when Aunt Christina appeared on Sundays at church, gladness sparkled in all eyes; the villagers found in her a devoted protectress, a friend who was ever prepared to soothe their griefs, to help them in sickness and to comfort them in affliction.

It was about the end of October, when they wrote to Aunt Christina that her presence was wanted, and she was urgently besought to come as soon as possible.

Our good Aunt was no little dismayed by this unexpected invitation, which left her to apprehend some misfortune. She delayed not long to fix her resolution, however much regret it caused her to leave for a whole year the hamlet where all needed her so much. She replied directly very cordially to the entreaties of her kinsfolks, and after she had completed some little arrangements and once more visited the poor, she set forth on her journey. But as she anticipated that she would pass the winter with her relations she could not bear to leave her canary-bird and her finches, nor even her little dog behind her; she kept the dog, during the journey, between her feet and the bird-cage (which she allowed to be carried for her to the next little town) on her lap.

On account of preparing for her trip, the good Aunt could not get a moment to inform her kinsfolks of the day of her arrival.

One morning, as they yet sat at breakfast, Mrs. Morlach's

children who were playing in the garden, hurried, out of breath, into the dining room with the joyful exclamation—"Mamma, Mamma! Aunt Christina is here!—Oh! only come and see what beautiful little birds, and the darling little dog she has brought with her."

Mrs. Morlach hastened to welcome Aunt Christina. Oh how sincerely she thanked her. Had she not assented to supply a mother's place with her children, Mrs. Morlach could never, perhaps, have resolved to separate herself from her little darlings; or she might be constantly uneasy about them, which would have rendered the restoration of her health very doubtful. But now she could depart, satisfied that they were under the most faithful superintendence, and about their nurture and education, she would be free from all anxiety.

Two days afterwards they proceeded to the country seat, which was situated at a short distance, in order to make the necessary arrangements for the Aunt and the children, who were to spend the winter months there. It was a real holiday. All the children in the neighbourhood—for there was in the same district many other beautiful country seats—were invited. They entered into all sorts of plays; they danced, sported and sang. The good Aunt took the most lively interest in the children's pleasures; her cheerfulness and affectionate conduct won her all their hearts. Indeed many of them congratulated Mrs. Morlach's children, for being so fortunate as to spend the whole winter in the company of so good an Aunt.

Two days were employed in arranging the whole establishment, and these were granted to the children for play; but thereafter, some hours were daily devoted to useful employments; and in order to enliven the children's zeal therein, the good Aunt promised to relate a tale to them occasionally. They now redoubled their industry, and Aunt Christina shortly began her first tale:—

THE FIRST TALE.

OLD AGATHA.

It was spring. The sun's warming rays awoke to new life the benumbed earth. Already the young verdure had sprouted forth all around, and the lark warbled her lay amid the balmy air, as Ida of Muhlen, a girl of twelve years, bounded, in great joy towards Jane, one of her friends, and said—"how glad I am, how glad I am! Now it is henceforth vacation again. Now I can make little pleasant jaunts upon our pony; and when we go to the country seat, I will play feather-ball again, with the children of our tenant. Oh, I will again amuse myself royally, all day. Adieu books! Farewell tasks! In the adjoining village is but a school for little children—that is no more for me; I would be ashamed were I not further advanced, and should have to go there. That will do for my little sister; she may visit it. But I have holiday."

"Aye, you have cause to rejoice," replied Jane to the prattling Ida. "I wish I were in your place; but we have no country seat: and we must come, at nine o'clock every day,

to school; while you go skipping, free and gaily, about the country, and may play in the garden as long as you like."

"Now, don't be sorry about it;" replied Ida, grasping Jane by the hand. "I will send you back as formerly, all kinds of fruits; cherries, plums, pears; and bring you a bag full of hazlenuts, and some cakes, which the good Agatha, my old nurse, bakes every time we come back to the city. But will you not help me again, Jane, when I have tasks to do at school, and whisper to me, when I have to say my lesson?"

Jane promised her to do so; and the friends parted, each promising to think very often of the other.

You have already remarked, my children, that Ida was not one of the diligent pupils; and that she rejoiced to go away to the country seat, while she expected that she would there be freed from all school tasks. It is truly a loss to Ida, that she has this fault, though she still is of a kind heart.

Ida, as she proceeded along the beautiful lane that led to the castle, felt herself fortunate that she would stay there, throughout the summer, with her parents. No sooner would they arrive, than she would have nothing more urgent to do, than to run into the garden, search out where her little fishes were, and her little country friends, and to make small presents here and there. It was not long before she found her old acquaintances, the children of the tenant and gardener. As these heard the chaise rolling into the castle yard, they presented themselves, in order to welcome the

kind Ida, and to proffer their services, which were always so liberally rewarded. She saved them her dessert from the dinner-table, and repeatedly begged some fruit of the gardener, to distribute amongst her playmates. In this manner was the first day spent; a day of real festivity to young Ida, and she already promised herself nothing but joy and pleasure during her summer's residence. But she deceived herself; and it is good that people's lives do not consist of joy and pleasure. Ida experienced this to her own profit.

In the village there lived an aged woman, esteemed and beloved by every person. She had in her lifetime experienced a very sorrowful lot. Her means of living she procured by labour. For this purpose she taught a small school; and after her school hours, she also taught the larger girls in the neighbourhood, whatever she herself perfectly understood. This poor woman was thus obliged to sit still at home the whole day; and when at night, she had eaten her soup and cheese cake, she would take a short walk upon the common in order to breath the fresh air, and move her limbs a while, which, from continual sitting were very stiff, and caused her great pain.

One evening the brilliant moonlight had enticed her out, and she allowed herself to be led thereby to take a longer walk than usual. She came near to the castle garden, where Ida, with her little playmates, were enjoying themselves in the most extravagant manner. They played her favourite play. The feather-ball was thrown, but the moonshine, clear as it was, did not enable them to throw the ball with the

same precision as in day, when the sun shone. The ball had fallen to the ground, and Ida ran fast to pick it up again; but it happened that she ran so forcibly against old Agatha that she threw her to the ground, and fell herself over her.

In a loud and piercing scream the old lady cried, "I have a limb broken, yes, I feel it. I am not mistaken. Oh, what will become of me in my old days?"

Ida was deeply horrified; she hastened to the tenant, to beg him to come with his son, and take the old lady home. They brought her away along with Ida, who grasped her by the hand, and accompanied her to her dwelling, weeping bitter tears.

"Weep not; Oh, I forgive you;" said the good woman; "I know you did not do it willingly." But this did not comfort Ida. She was quite beside herself. She felt the deepest compassion for poor Agatha; and at the same time, bitterly reproached herself, because she, being the occasion of the misfortune, must be considered as having done it. She hastened forth from Agatha's cabin, in order to bring her the village surgeon.

"Oh, come sir, quick, quick, I pray you," exclaimed she, "come, I pray you, come! as fast as possible. I have occasioned a great misfortune. Old Agatha has a limb broken, and all through my fault. But I will pay all out of my saving box. Of that you may be sure; but still, say nothing to my mother about it; and if my saving-box money will not suffice, then I will sell my gold rings and pay you the debt."

"That is very fair of you my dear child, but be not troubled, I hope it is not so bad as you think," replied the surgeon, and went with Ida directly to old Agatha.

"Here is the surgeon, he comes to mend your limb," cried Ida to old Agatha, as she entered her chamber. "Oh, I wish that this calamity had happened to myself rather than to you, good Agatha;" and she again burst forth into tears.

"Ah, my dear, good child," said the old lady, "be not so sorry, and do not think so severely of yourself;" and then turning her face to the surgeon, whispered—"you would do me a great favor, if you would send away this child during the operation—for her grief goes to my heart."

The surgeon, therefore, mentioned that he needed three or four people more, and requested her to bring them all, and thus sent her away. With deep sorrow, the poor child left the patient. But what should poor Ida now do? she could not dare to come before her mother's eyes—who would be her mediator? Then it occurred to her—to go to their old preacher, who had always been so affable and kind to her. If he would speak a good word for her, she hoped that her mother might, perhaps, forgive her. Trembling, she rang the bell at the parsonage. The trusty Magdalen, the housemaid, came to the window, and as she heard Ida weeping, called out to her, in surprise, "How is this, my dear little girl! what is it you want of us, so late?"

"Oh, Magdalen, I am in a great misfortune. Is the minister at home?" and the tears prevented the poor child from speaking another word.

"Yes, he is now at supper—come you in, dear little girl," said the sympathizing Magdalen, after she had opened the door.

"What has happened at the castle?" inquired the reverend old man.

Ida had first to restrain her weeping; and then she related to the old gentleman the affecting accident. The good man to console her, promised to come to the castle next morning, and speak to her mother. "Come, my dear child," added he, "it is now late, Magdalen will take you to the castle; and I will, meanwhile, look after the good Agatha."

"Oh, dear Sir, please ask of good Agatha, whether she will forgive me;" said Ida, in an imploring tone; for while in her alarm, she had not noticed what Agatha had previously said to her, when going home with her.

Ida, with Magdalen, took their way to the castle. The traces of grief were yet evident on her countenance. Luckily, the Lady of Muhlen had with her, that evening, a numerous company; and the care of the children was entrusted to a careful child's-maid. This girl was now running about over the whole village, searching for Ida; and had in vain sought her on the road behind the corner of the castle garden.

"Do not be angry with me, Annette," said Ida; "I am unfortunate enough already. Had I always obeyed Mamma's admonitions, the sad calamity which I have caused would never have happened. She has often reproved my indolence, and frequently told me that gracious Heaven would, sometime chastise me for it. Ah, she was right, my good mamma,

for now I have found it so. This day I have been punished for my thoughtlessness that cast her lessons to the wind."

"Certainly! This misfortune would not have overtaken you, had you still been busy with your doll, or after throwing your feather ball, had occupied yourself in sewing or knitting; but you prefer racing about all day, and playing with the girls, who teach you more harm than good. You are now grown too tall for your parents to allow you to be always playing. Give it up! or people everywhere, will call you naughty Ida!"

"Hush! Hush! dear Annette. It *shall* be given up. I will stay with you; and I will never let you search for me again, a whole evening. Now you are angry with me for that only—is it not so?"

"Certainly! I am tired to death with day labour and running about the village. What would your mamma say? she might, probably, have called me, while I was seeking you; and now I may be scolded."

"No, No! good Annette. I will acknowledge all."

Next day Ida awoke early. She requested Annette to help her dress, and after performing her morning devotions, hastened to old Agatha. She had saved the sugar from her own coffee, for the poor patient; she made up her fire, and warmed a cup of milk. She said—"my good Agatha, I have this morning, prayed for God's forgiveness for the great offence which I committed last night, against you. Although I have not been purposely and intentionally guilty, yet the sad accident is a consequence of my habit-

of indolence, and of my culpable levity, which had scarcely allowed me to heed the previous frequent admonitions of my good mother. I have adored my Heavenly Father, and prayed him to keep me to fulfil his commandments truly, and to renounce the failings of my own heart. But I come now to you too; and beg you also to pardon me. Heaven has witnessed the tears, I shed last night. Ah, what an injury I have done you! Oh! I can never be at peace again till I obtain your pardon, and till you again feel kindly towards me."

The good woman assured the weeping girl, that she had last night, from her heart, forgiven her; but said, "we are aware that God has given his promises to those who take heed to keep the good counsels of their mother in their hearts and to live according to them." And then the aged Agatha reached her hand to Ida, who was standing by her bedside, and begged her to quiet herself and to dry her tears, after which Ida became calm again.

"Good Agatha," said she, soon afterwards, "I have another request. Grant me that also. Let me keep your school for you, and I will take good care of your little children."

"No, no! my child—that I will not grant, you must not give yourself that trouble," replied Agatha; "I have yet some few groats remaining. People must lay up some needful pence. I can well live on that, while I am obliged to lay here, and then the idea comforts me, that a gracious Providence will not forsake me, if my illness continues longer than I expect. He has compassion upon the miserable; and

he has very often already, helped me through life. The truth of his promises I have often experienced—when the need is the greatest, God's help is the nearest."

"Mamma has told me that too; but I beg you to permit me to make myself in some measure, useful to you, to have set right whatever I have wronged you. Allow me to be the teacher of your little children, and if you are not satisfied with me, you can send me away."

The aged Agatha could not resist the entreaties, which continually became more pressing; and she finally yielded. Then Ida deemed herself happy, that she could render service to the poor woman. She betook herself immediately to the parson, in order to inform him and to beg him once more, to intercede with her mother to pardon her; as she knew that kind as her mother always was, she had cause, on this occasion to dread her severity.

The minister was heartily delighted with the honourable behaviour of little Ida, in the reparation of injuries, so far as she could make them good again; and he put himself immediately in the way to fulfil his promises.

The Lady of Muhlen was not a little surprised at receiving a visit, so early in the morning, from the preacher. The cause was soon related to her, and her maternal heart thrilled with deep emotion. She came over, with the preacher, to make Agatha a visit in his company. This vented the very deep sympathy, which she felt for the suffering Agatha; and also the longing to see her Ida, and to talk to her about the deplorable accident, from which she wished, and from the

preacher's representations dared to hope confidently, that it might make a deep impression upon her daughter's mind that would prove salutary during her whole life.

Ida sat in old Agatha's large easy chair, with a gravity that, dear children, would have made you laugh. She had a big staff in her hand, upon which she leaned from time to time, and which, as the chair rocked, enabled her to move her position. She was engaged in teaching the children, who were standing in a row before her, their lesson.

After her mother and the preacher had for a few moments, listened unobserved, they knocked at the door. As the mother entered, Ida, the little school-mistress,flew to her arms, with tears in her eyes. "I know it all my child," said the mother; "but I will forgive you, though you are the cause of harm that sorely grieves both you and me. Had you always readily obeyed my injunctions to industry, this misfortune would never have happened to you. Idleness causes many bad practices, and is invariably followed by mischief. Remember that as long as you live,"

The Lady of Muhlen then approached the sick woman and proved her humane sympathy in the sad fate that befel her, and assured her, that so far as it lay in her power she would endeavour to recompense every injury.

"Oh, gracious Lady," replied the good woman, I have already to day found recompense enough from your little Ida. If you only knew how much anxiety she has caused herself since yesterday about me!—I have been moved to tears."

"People do no more than their duty my good Agatha when

they endeavour to make good whatever harm they may have occasioned" replied Ida's mother.

Ida now asked her mother to consent to her keeping the school for old Agatha. "See Mamma I shall always be with her, whenever she may need any thing."

Her mother assented; and Ida remained now with pleasure forty long days in renouncing all plays. For the same purpose she allowed herself no expenses; nor did she once visit her fishes, which had been hitherto her chief delight; she employed herself all day with her pupils, and felt herself more happy and contented than she had ever been before. You cannot imagine all that she did for old Agatha. Ida became thoroughly penitent for her former indolence; and gradually she took pleasure in all occupations. She turned every hour to some profit; while she did not teach, she was almost constantly by Agatha's sick-bed. Besides they allowed her to give instruction to the neighbours; and she made therein, to the delight of her pupils and her mother, the most flattering progress. About the end of summer, the Lady of Muhlen left the country seat; and Ida now again went to the city school. But who can describe the agreeable surprise of the teacher and scholars, as Ida distinguished herself to great advantage amongst her schoolmates, by her attention and industry. She neglected the help of her friend Jane; and allowed herself to whisper no more in school, about any thing; and when the spring returned she did not wish to go away to the country seat; but earnestly besought her mother to leave her in the city, so that she

might attend school, without interruption and retrieve what she had previously neglected. On the day of examination, when prizes were to be awarded to the most diligent of the scholars, Ida received a very elegant one. That was a joyous day for Ida; and in the course of a few years, she had become a very intelligent girl. Her mother pressed her to her heart; and the tear of joy that glistened in her eye, showed what she then felt.

Ida was extremely happy in bringing with her to the good old Agatha, who was now again fully recovered, and with her former diligence kept her school and taught the elder girls in the adjoining village, the prizes; and displayed to her the needle-case, which she had received at the distribution. Agatha examined the contents of the case—the needles of different sizes, admired the small and large scissors, which were splendidly polished, a silver thimble, with a gilded shield, on which Ida's name was engraved, and the variety of sewing threads—white to stitch seams with, and red for stitching letters. Tears of joy suffused old Agatha's eyes, as she congratulated her upon the elegant contents of the case; but still more on account of the excellent girl, who held in her hands the prize, the honourable reward of her diligence, and with a calm voice she said—"God preserve you my child; I can do no more than pray for you."

"I heartily thank you good Agatha. I will always remember your words," replied Ida.

Ida never neglected the good old Agatha. She supported her until her death. Her savings belonged not wholly to her-

self; they belonged to old Agatha. What she saved was regularly in the last days of Autumn handed to Agatha to support her through the winter, in which the good old lady needed more rest, and could not impart instruction to the neighbours, while the days were not only very short but darker; and though aged people's eyes in day time would not have failed them, yet in the winter they would be dim and the teaching of needle work would be much more difficult.

Ida thenceforth became a very amiable young lady; by all beloved and by God blessed.

THE SECOND TALE.

THE TABLE.

In a wild solitude stood a small hut. It was built of sandstone and thatched with reeds. A family consisting of a father, mother, and three children lived in this wretched structure, which seemed intended for the habitation of beasts rather than of human beings. Its floor was of the same hard heath-ground that lay around the hut. Opposite the door was a kind of chimney, wherein hung a chain ending in a hook, on which was suspended an iron kettle, the only cooking utensil which the inhabitants of the hut possessed. In this kettle Catherine Woodman, the mother, cooked for her husband and children their simple meals, which almost throughout the whole year consisted of potatoes, soaked in rancid lard; and which, morning and evening were eaten out of wooden platters. It was truly a wretched meal, and each one ate by himself, in some nook of the hut, sitting on a wooden block, without speaking a single word to each other. Compare dear children, your dinner with this miserable and dismal meal; you, with your parents, and with your bro

thers and sisters, sit around the same table, talking kindly to each other, and often carry on an useful conversation. Of the better food which is provided for you I need not speak. Oh be thankful, children, to the great Giver of all good, and know well, that the good God takes notice how we receive benefactions from his hands. To rescue a family out of so deep a misery as I tell of, is more than human aid can accomplish; there God must help, and he does help frequently through very insignificant means, to which man would think no special efficacy could be duly ascribed.—We shall observe this in the Woodman family. But let me first make you better acquainted with them.

The father of this family knew no other way of supporting himself and them, than to solicit alms of his fellow beings in the hamlets and towns of that district. Early in life, he betook himself, with the beggar's sack on his back, to the little towns in the surrounding country; and afterwards established himself at a stand upon a bridge, where he begged of passing travellers. His wife took their daughter Kate, and both the boys, John and Joseph, with her, and stationed herself near a church, which was daily visited by the pious, whom, as they issued from the church, she and her children beset, to extort a gratuity, and continued to entreat them, until they would bestow something. It was a standing order, that they should never turn back, even though a person had the ninth time refused them; and woe to him, who came back empty handed. If, at night, the amount obtained was not satisfactory to the mother, the children would be dreadfully flogged

and overwhelmed with curses and abusive epithets. It was a horrifying sight, to look upon such a scene. Such treatment seemed calculated to stifle every better feeling in the children's nature. The deplorable result so proved it. The poor children were by such punishments rendered at length quite stupid, and even in a measure so hardened by the beatings, that, if they were not too severe, they neither cried aloud nor shed a tear.

All affection was, however, not stifled within them. John, the younger of the boys, took many a time the part of his sister, whom he particularly loved; but when Joseph was flogged, he troubled himself little about it. Indeed, for him, Joseph was almost as if not in the world. Consequently many a quarrel, ah, even frequent fights ensued between the brothers.

All events, in life, are closely connected with each other. One occurrence is the occasion of others. As already observed, the head of the family, Matthias Woodman knew no other means for supporting himself and his family except by begging. Necessity compelled him and also his children to practice it; and the child who brought the most home, was the one dearest to him. The only means in order to produce that effect, and make the child beg very earnestly, was flogging him. Matthias had also been treated in just the same way himself. The wretchedness of his children no longer affected him. What wonder that they had lost all attachment and love to their father; especially John and Kate, who were flogged the most by him, because they were less successful

in begging than their brother Joseph. He best understood how to beg, and had therefore the preference over his brother and sister, though he had the most faults of them all. As already mentioned, he loved neither his brother nor his sister; but he was envious of the friendship which existed between Kate and John, and yet he did nothing to gain an interest in the same feeling.

A single glance, at the several children, was sufficient to enable a person to appreciate the disposition of their hearts.

The form of Joseph's head was, from the chin upwards to the crown, a perfect oval. He had pale yellow cheeks, pale brown lips, a low forehead, deep sunken grey eyes, and black hair; which is peculiar to excitable natures. Imagine further, high shoulders and a flattened chest, and you will have a tolerably correct portrait of Woodman's eldest son.

His brother, on the contrary, was of large stature, a wide chest, broad shoulders, rather stout than slender, formed for great strength, which defied all fatigue. He had long silken chesnut-brown hair, which hung in curling ringlets. His forehead was high, his clear blue eyes direct in their glance, the fresh air of Nature had lent his cheeks a rose-red hue; the rapidity of his movements and the fluency of his speech,—all proclaimed a strong souled character, which was incompatible with falsehood and dissimulation.

The sister's character was indicated by the paleness of her sunken cheeks; one might see by her transparent skin and the dejected look of her eyes, that she was of a very

weakly constitution, whose preservation would require very careful tending. She might be compared to a flower torn from its stem, drooping and soon to fade; it was a wonder that, with her miserable living, she could even hold herself erect. The affectionate care, which she experienced from her brother John, rendered that wretched life somewhat more pleasant. He attended her every where, and after their scanty meal, even while hungry himself, was sure to divide with her, unsolicited and unasked, his own portion of bread, or give it to her entire. This good brother gave her not of his own superfluities, but he gave her of his own portion, and himself suffered for want of it; yet, as he was naturally strong, he preferred to endure hunger rather than that his sister should. He was also her defender against his brother; and, he frequently let his father's rage be spent upon himself, in order to ward it from his Kate; and strangers could never offend her with impunity.

For a long time, Kate had brought on herself reproofs from her mother, and beatings from her father. Catherine charged her daughter with dishonesty; she accused her of withholding and keeping back part of what she begged; and that she hid a part of it, and kept it for herself. Kate was hardened in falsehood; and John believed her to be innocent. But one day, as the brother and sister chased a traveller, and had drawn to a distance from their usual station, John observed that his sister quickly hid a piece of money under her jacket.

"Is it true then, Kate?" said the brother to the sister, after the stranger had gone away.

"What now? what is true?"

"That you do not give mother all that you receive, but secretly conceal some of the alms?"

"I! when did you see that?"

"When? this very moment."

"You dream."

"What? But I have certainly seen it; that you have hid something under your jacket."

"You know not what you say."

"Will you make me believe that I am blind? I know very well what I have seen; and I know what is honest and dishonest too."

"Now," retorted Kate, "if you are satisfied that you know it, go and bring me up, as Joseph would do, in order that I may get a flogging."

"Ah," said John, quite provoked by these offensive words, "speak not so to me; to me, who have received so many whippings on your account. It is very improper in you, it is not right that you hardly ever tell what you get, and that you selfishly keep it. I had always thought that you loved me; that you kept nothing secret from me, and that you confided every thing to me. But to think that I could bear to inform on you, well knowing that you would get a flogging; this is too hard! you know too, that such is not my habit."

"Will you too give me a scolding now?"

"A scolding? No, that I will not. Oh, Kate, you love

me not, as I love you. You do not deserve that I should love you so."

"Now, nothing hinders you; go and tell it to mother."

These last words brought the tears to John's eyes; but he concealed them from his sister by turning himself quickly round, in order to return to his mother. Kate supposed that he was very angry with her, and that she would be scolded by her mother.

"Now there you are, you cheat!" cried her mother, intending by these words to appeal to her conscience. "Have you got nothing this time, as usual?"

Kate stubbornly denied that she had obtained any thing. But quicker than she could express the words, she received a severe blow; and the mother added to it the question—"have you now obtained that?"

Joseph, who had also seen the money, as Kate covered it, and who had apprized his mother of the deception, burst out into a laugh, and Kate grumbled to herself—"Now if this is all, I can bear it."

"You will get more yet you little serpent; only let your father get home at night time; and we will see whether you will continue to say you have got nothing. John you were present, will you not tell the truth?"

John turned full on his sister a glance which must have pierced her heart, but made no reply.

"You keep it back between you," cried Catharine, who stepped angrily towards John and aimed a blow at him.

At night time a horrible scene took place in the hut.

Matthias alas had had an unlucky day. He was therefore very morose, and then a few words would suffice to put him in a humour to fall upon the poor children, As soon as the mother told him what had taken place, he took a thick rope and began to beat John awfully. John made scarcely any outcry, but the tears streamed down his cheeks, and after he had endured this horrible punishment, he said to his sister, "do you see how fully you may depend on me, and what I endure on your account?"

Now came Kate's turn—John turned away his face, so that he should not see what now was going on. But as he heard the first lash, he began to shudder—at the second blow the sweat stood in great drops on his face; the third struck his heart so forcibly that he could no longer restrain himself. He sprang up therefore and exclaimed, "father dont beat her, hold up, hold up" but the father did not heed him. John cried out again, "father beat me rather; I can endure it better than Kitty." "That we shall see" said the father, and with that Matthias grasped the rope doubled, and seized John again. John staggered at the first blow, but the blows were redoubled, and the poor child fell senseless to the ground. "What has seized on you?" screamed the mother with a piercing cry, "you have murdered him, he is dead," Matthias suddenly stood still at these exclamations. He held his hand before his eyes, as if endeavouring to recollect himself. "Dead! is he dead? who is dead?"

"Your child, wretch! only look," exclaimed his wife, pointing to the ghastly countenance of the boy. "What a

calamity, what a calamity!" cried Woodman, in consternation; and remained motionless, covering his face with his hands.

Catharine laid John on a bundle of straw, and sprinkled his face with cold water. As she observed how he was wounded, her eyes filled with tears. She felt the deepest compassion for her poor child. She ceased not to endeavour to restore him to animation. Long did her exertions continue fruitless. At length poor John drew a long sigh and opened his eyes; but he almost immediately closed them again. After a while the colour began to return to his cheeks and lips, and he opened his eyes upon his mother.

"Do you know me, John?" asked his mother. But John did not answer; at last he said, "I will buy me a gun. Ah! what turns itself so quickly round under my feet? Oh, I cannot stand any more! I am falling, I am falling!" His head sank down and again he lost his senses.

Kate could find no utterance for the grief that she felt, as she saw her poor brother lying in a burning fever, and listened to his crazy speech. She went into the woods, in order to seek some herbs, and Joseph was this time willing to help her. It seemed as if he would endeavour to make good the injuries which he so often had done to his brother and sister.

They came back very soon, and made John a refreshing drink with which he could moisten his parched lips; but a physician, or any medical assistance, was not to be thought of.

Catharine and Kate watched the whole night through with John. Joseph laid himself down on some straw in a corner of the hut, but he slept little and unquietly; his conscience was to him a hard pillow. As for Matthias?—he passed the whole night in sighs and groans, and made on himself the bitterest reproaches, for his inhuman treatment of his child.

Woodman brought up his children as he himself had been reared; and just as his nearest acquaintances, who with him inherited this wilderness, mostly acted. That he resorted to such cruel punishments, was more through ignorance of his parental duties than because of a malignant disposition. This sad incident was a hard lesson to him; but it awakened reflection in his soul; and he began to think that he could well have applied a very different method in the rearing of his children, whereby they might have become useful and respectable.

So long as John lay sick, Kate was left with him in order to take care of him. She reproached herself much, and strove to earn his forgiveness by an obliging attendance upon him, and endeavoured to make him forget the pains he endured.

John, in the meanwhile, received her careful nursing with evident indifference. All his sister's anxiety to serve him appeared to vex rather than please him. Their former amiable intercourse had not been through his fault destroyed; the blame lay on his sister; and yet she had not expressed the slightest hint that could serve for an excuse.

"Will you take something," asked Kate every moment. "Do you lay easy? will you have a drink? will you lay a a little higher?"

"No," said the poor youth. "I lay quite well; I need nothing. Do you not know that I am very well in my suffering? Yes," said he low to himself, "the grief of the heart is much greater than the pain of the body; yes, much harder to bear."

Kate understood the reproof. She could no longer restrain her feelings; she grasped his hand, and bathed it with tears—

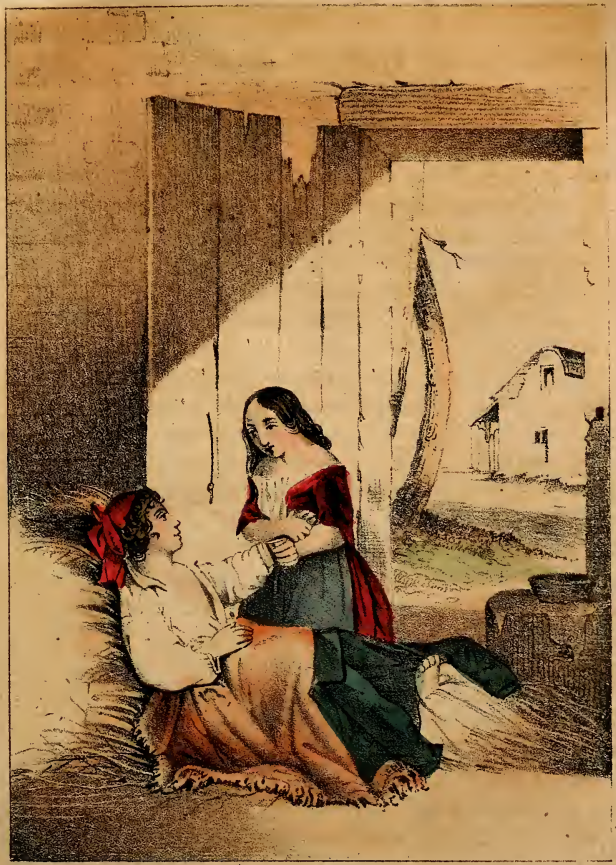
"Ah!" exclaimed she, "I understand I have been ungrateful John, my dear brother, and I have caused you great trouble; but be assured, I sorely repent it, and I will disclose the whole truth to you."

"I do not want you to do so—keep your secret to yourself; it cannot be good, or you would not have concealed it from me so long."

"Oh John say not so; but I have fully deserved it; tell me will you not again love your own sister?"

John was reconciled by her penitence, and reached her his hand.

"You are very good John! Ah now again I am happy—come let me now tell you all. You have truly said that I had back money from time to time, but John be not angry, hear me, let me first speak. You know the Weldners who live at the edge of the forest? They are just as poor as we are; and their family is larger than ours; but they are not so



wretched, and that is to say a great deal. Every time I go over to their cabin at meal-time, I hear them speaking affectionately to each other, they give each kind words, which is in poverty a comfort, as you have always told me when I have been sorrowful; the father and mother lovingly kiss the children at times, and the children speak trustingly to their parents. With us it is so desolate and gloomy. I have many a time watched and tried to learn by what means they are so much happier than we are, but I could not ascertain it. At last I heard them one day, as I went over there, speaking kindly as is usual with each other; I drew nearer—Oh! dear brother what a difference between their mode of living and ours. Their hut and their victuals are no better, but they eat together at one table, not as we do, each in his own corner. There sat the father, and mother, and five children, around the same table; and the father divided out the soup, and attended first to his children and then to his wife and himself; as if they would rather suffer hunger themselves than that their children should. They were sitting close to each other, and talking so kindly, and all in a good humour. When I think on that picture which I once saw in the church, where the Lord Jesus with his disciples sit together at a table, I am very much of the opinion that people in order to be happy must love each other, and that to work, eat and pray with each other, must be something very beautiful. From that day on I have not been able to think of any thing else, than by what means we could obtain a table, like Weldner's

have; and therefore I have secretly saved something. Now John, tell me whether I have done wrong?"

A better instructed child would directly have answered this question:—"Certainly you have; because you have from the first acted falsely and deceitfully towards your parents—and lies and deception are both wicked; and even if you had effected something good thereby, yet vou would have committed a great sin.

But John did not know this much—the poor youth had learned nothing of that sort—and he exclaimed immediately. "A table! that is something grand in a family—we must have one." He straightened himself to his full length; and after considering awhile said "yes but where can we get one?" After a pause he proceeded—"Father would ask, 'whence came that table?' and when he discovered in what manner it was procured, it would cost us very dearly."

"I have thought of that already—but I will bring over the old table of the Weldners, and give them the money for a new one. The Weldners can then say that we got the old table from them."

"But will father believe that?"

"The table is so old, that it will soon tumble to pieces; and the Weldners will be willing to say that they gave it to us, because I, once in a while, have taken care of their babe."

"Yes; he may believe that; but now the money, where are you to get that?"

"I think I have enough already, and that the Weldners will not charge much for it, for they are about to buy a new

one; I gave it to them this morning already, and will fetch the table when father and Joseph are gone out."

The next day Matthias, Catharine, and Joseph were not a little surprised at seeing a table standing in the middle of the hut, and on the table a wooden dish for each, all neatly cleaned, and tin spoons handsomely scoured until they shone bright. John and Kate had been busy about this all day, clearing up the hut and putting it in order. They were very glad when they had finished; they looked around delighted, and could not satisfy themselves in viewing such a treasure as the half worm-eaten table.

"Well, well! what does this mean?" said Matthias, contracting his eye-brows; "how came this table here?"

Kate answered with a bold unconcern which she had studied to acquire during the day, and which showed that she did not feel it difficult to tell a falsehood; "I have obtained it from the Weldners because I have often taken care of their babe."

Woodman went immediately there, for the purpose of inquiring more closely into the matter, and to ascertain whether Kate had told the truth. Weldner had made a profit by the sale, and this induced him to confirm Kate's statement. Woodman came back again quite satisfied, and set himself down at the table.

The beneficent effect of this new comfort did not immediately become evident; but after a few days, one could perceive more cordiality among the members of the family; they felt themselves more social with each other, while they

could take their dinner much more conveniently. After some weeks a degree of pleasant conversation became habitual to them. They began to inquire of each other about this and that, to relate the occurrences of the day, and to tell each other what they had heard and seen. They felt happier, and the children especially were more sprightly; even the parents spoke in kinder accents, when they talked to the children; and thus, imperceptibly to each other, a better spirit was felt in the hut, which not only seasoned their scanty fare, but also exerted a wholesome influence on all their conduct. Even old Woodman, at length, deemed it unbecoming to sit himself at the table without uttering a prayer; and that soon became a habit, which never was the case with them before, that they prayed the Giver of all good for their daily bread, and in humble gratitude thanked Him for his gifts, and thus the family were brought to offer up their daily morning and evening prayer. This new and becoming custom was a source of comfort to them all, they felt more closely united to each other; and in a word, the change that visited their circle exceeded all expectation; a change that depended not on wealth, but which poverty could attain, because any person may enjoy happiness who believes in God, observes his word, and keeps his commandments. The fear of God is the fountain of every virtue; and constitutes the greatest treasure that people can enjoy here on earth. It is true that the Woodman family were not arrived at this goal; but they had entered on the direct path to attain it.

Matters were in this condition when an unforeseen occur-

rence took place, which made it to be feared that this family might fall back into their former condition.

Woodman usually spent his evenings with his family, as a prudent man should do; he seldom visited the taverns, where the people of his sort collected together to drink occasionally; a glass would be offered to him if he happened to enter them, but then he scarcely tasted it. As the use of brandy was not a habit, it excited him the sooner; if he once forgot himself, glass quickly succeeded glass, until he became completely intoxicated.

Weldner often sought company of this sort, but rather for the sake of conversation than drinking.

It happened, sometime after the partial recovery of John's health, that Weldner, returning home with a full sack, met Woodman in the road walking along moodily, with his head bowed down and appearing as downcast as his neighbour was cheerful. Yet instead of sharing any of his alms with him, Weldner invited him to take something to warm himself.

"Hey day!——Matthias!" said he, as he clapped him on the shoulder, "you run away from a neighbour without bidding him good-day."

"So it is you Peter! I did not see you."

"Why so cheerless, my neighbour?"

"Oh, dont talk of it, I have had a bad day; three kind hearted people have not passed by me."

"Now, don't take it so to heart; to-morrow may be lucky

for you. Come with me, and drink something to banish your cares."

"I thank you Peter, but I cannot go with you; my wife and children are waiting for me."

"Now, let them wait a little, for once; to drink one glass will not hurt you."

"That is true," said Matthias, and he allowed himself to be coaxed to go with Peter. They began to relate the various events of the day; and one glass was drunk after another, till they soon seemed to have lost their reason. Weldner, especially, laughed and talked loudly. He seemed utterly to forget where he was, and began to make various remarks upon Woodman. "He is a very good man, but his children do what they please with him."

As Matthias heard his name mentioned, it excited his attention, and he endeavoured to understand it correctly.

Weldner began to relate how he had bartered an old rotten table with Woodman's children for a new one; and how they had deceived their father.

"But are you quite sure of all this?" inquired Woodman.

"Oh, am I sure of my own business?—it is really my own old table that they bought."

Weldner still went on babbling, till at last his head sank on the table and he went to sleep.

Woodman became much excited, and in a rage, shook Weldner by the shoulder, and asked him "who did that?—John or Kate?"

The sleeper answered, but unintelligibly.

"Now, I will find it out," said Woodman, and he hastily left the tavern.

In the hut sat the family around the old table, lighted by a lamp. Kate and her mother were mending their ragged clothes, John worked at a net with which he expected to catch fish, while Joseph interwove twine for bird-catching. Once, each of them would have passed the time in idleness, or in strolling about the forest; but now they not only sat together at meal time around the table, but when the dishes, plates, and spoons were removed, they seated themselves again around it; they talked confidentially with each other, and employed themselves in something useful. The mother and her children felt themselves more intimately united to each other; and John and Kate, particularly, felt happier than ever. Concord and peace prevailed among them; the spirit of love was apparent in their words and actions,—in their kind looks and pleasant tones.

Matthias Woodman approached with rapid steps, and in a violent passion he opened and furiously slammed back the door.

Catharine was not a little frightened, as she beheld her husband entering the hut in this manner, and she dreaded that something terrible would take place. She trembled, but kindly said—"we have waited long for you, Matthias.—Will you take something?" Without answering his wife Woodman ordered the table to be cleared.

"And for what?" asked Catharine.

"Because I will have it so," was the reply.

They obeyed, and when the table was empty, Woodman turning himself to Joseph, pointed to an axe that hung on the wall.

"Take that axe" he said, "and hew that table to pieces; the fire shall consume it."

"How! Would you burn our only table?" exclaimed the frightened mother.

John and Kate were greatly shocked, when they heard the fate that awaited the dear-bought table; and they, at once, anticipated what was in store for themselves. They hardly dared to breathe.

"Do what I command you," exclaimed Woodman to his eldest son.

"But Matthias," replied the mother once more, "why would you break our table to pieces? it is so useful, I think we can hardly do without it any more."

"Obey, Joseph, do what I have ordered you."

Joseph cast an inquiring look at his mother;—she bent down her head and was silent. Joseph clearly perceived that he must obey. He took the axe off the wall, and the fragments of the table flew asunder from each other. Three heavy sighs burst from three yearning hearts as the blows descended; it was to them as if upon themselves.

"Ah, that table has made us always so happy!" sighed Catharine—and two large tears ran down her pale cheeks.

Joseph unfeelingly continued the work that he had begun, and when he had finished it, the old table presented a sad

spectacle. The father, by a gesture, ordered him to throw the pieces into the fire. Joseph obeyed, and Kate, unable longer to restrain herself, burst out into loud weeping.

Trembling with rage, Matthias stood up and threw a fearful glance upon John and Kate.

"You wicked children, you have been disobedient and deceitful to me. I know all. I got from Weldner what I know. I will teach you how I shall punish thieving and dishonest children. Which is the guilty of you two?—I will know it—I will—do you understand me?"

Kate and John were both silent.

"You will not speak; I will soon make you," and at that moment he seized a leg of the table which had not yet caught the flames, and raised it in his hand.

As Kate perceived this, she threw herself at her father's feet, and exclaimed, "Father, spare John; I alone am to blame."

The arm of Matthias was arrested. Catharine folded her hands and cast a supplicating look at her husband. She besought him to pardon her children. At last Joseph also came forward, and stepping before his father, exclaimed—"Father, do not punish them; I am much oftener disobedient. Beat me rather, for I have frequently deserved it."

These words, unexpected from the unamiable Joseph, affected Woodman so much, that he threw the leg of the table away, and without uttering a word hastened into the adjoining woods. His wife heard him sobbing as he was going out.

John, in the meanwhile, had seized his brother's hand, and cordially embracing him, said—"That was brave of you. I shall ever, ever remember it."

"Yes, that was indeed noble on your part," added Kate grasping his other hand; "henceforth I will love you dearly because you have acted thus."

"As much as you love John?" inquired Joseph.

"Yes, just as much," rejoined the mother, "if you love her as much—you have but one sister—brothers, you must protect and defend her throughout your whole lives."

"Will you be of a warm heart towards me?" said Joseph, looking inquiringly towards John and Kate.

"Yes, certainly," answered both, "you are our brother."

That was a delightful moment. Joseph was from this time forward taken into the covenant of love. The three were from this hour of one heart and one soul. The mother was rejoiced by their fraternal affection, and thanked the Lord for this happy hour, which she still distinguishes as the brightest she had ever known to gild her poverty.

An hour afterwards, Woodman came back. He appeared to have been much affected. He acted as if nothing had occurred. Each followed his example, and nothing was said of what had taken place.

The whole family returned to their former manner of living. John, in consequence of his illness, was exempted from the family employment of begging.

Eight days had passed, when Matthias, thoughtfully said "come let us go to the table."

His wife pointed him out some half burnt splinters, that lay around the hearth.

"Ah, that is true . . . let us say nothing about it." replied Woodman. The next day, of his own accord, he said, "A table is indeed a useful thing in a family;"—and the third day he regretted that each of them must again sit, with his wooden plate, in a corner; and then said that it was really a duty to provide a table, so that they could all sit together. On the next day he proposed that they should begin to lay up so much as would buy a new table.

John did not beg yet, but he went out daily and came home only an hour before the others. What could he have been doing abroad? You shall learn.

One day as the father was about entering his hut he stopped, in surprise, at the door. "A table!" said he, "and all new too!—Where did that come from?"

"Fear nothing, father; no deception sticks to it this time. —I have made it myself," returned the cheerful voice of John.

"And how did you get the wood?"

"I bought it with money that I have honestly earned."

"Are you then a carpenter?"

"Not yet, father; but if you would permit me, I would with pleasure learn to be one. I like the trade, and would much rather get my bread by it than by begging."

"You are right, John," sighed Woodman, "I would also have preferred a trade; but my father would not allow it. He begged, and he would make me also be a beggar."

"Well, father, will you permit your children to learn some trade. Our neighbour will take me without a fee, and teach me the carpenter's trade; and his wife will with pleasure teach Kate to sew."

"And what will become of me?" asked Joseph—"Shall I alone get my bread by begging, while you earn yours by honourable means?"

"Well, you can find a trade for yourself too; do not be discouraged," replied John; "in three years, we can both earn our living, and maintain our parents. Then we will turn our hut into a neat cabin, wherein we will all live affectionately together; for those are the happiest who live in mutual love; we have learned that at the old table."

They loitered not in good intentions merely. The three children began to work, and became true patterns of industry and sincere mutual affection; for where love dwells, there the Lord's blessings prevail. God was with them, so that they happily accomplished their plan throughout; and travellers, who in later years passed by the place, stood a moment to admire a simple dwelling, whose cheering aspect attracted their attention. Around the house stretched a large garden, wherein all sorts of fruits of luxurious growth were cultivated and which was also adorned with various blooming flowers. The former wilderness is changed into a little paradise, in which the aged Matthias and his grey-haired wife happily passed their last days in the circle of their beloved children They enjoyed the delight of beholding their children's prosperity increasing from year to year, and in seeing that industry and love bring only blessings to a home.

THE THIRD TALE.

THE CHINESE TENT.

On a bright October morning, Mrs. Werther went with her children into the garden. She sat down on a grassy bank, n order to watch them, and drew forth a book, while the children withdrew with their noisy conversation to a distance, in order that they should not disturb her. Each child amused himself in his own way. One was busied in knocking off hazelnuts; another pursued a butterfly that yet lingering fluttered around; another asked permission to pluck a couple of bunches of grapes; the fourth had entwined the last flowers of autumn into a nosegay, and the youngest played with a kid, which grazed around a tree to which it was tied.

After Mrs. Werther had read some time, she closed the book, and called her two eldest children who happened to be nearest to her.—"Come Henry, and Cecilia, call the other children; I will divide you your ten o'clock piece." At her call came not only the elder ones, but also the little ones, Earnest, Caroline, and Augustus, ran eagerly to their mother,

who had opened the little basket wherein she had the cakes and fruit, which she was going to distribute among them.

Scarcely had Mrs. Werther finished, when an aged woman came by. She carried upon her back a load of wood, which she had gathered in the forest.

"Good day!" exclaimed she to the family, as she passed.

"Good day, Mother Michelin!" replied the little group, as with one voice.

"How are you?" asked Mrs. Werther.

"How should I be," replied the old woman, "but as old people are."

"That delights me," said Henry, "because I had not expected that answer; you look so distressed."

"Mother Michelin is evidently tired," said Caroline.

"Oh, the fatigue signifies nothing, I don't mind that, dear Miss, we poor folks are use to it; but when trouble comes upon poverty, then two afflictions oppress us at once."

"And what new trouble have you then, dear mother?" sympathizingly asked Mrs. Werther.

"In a few months my son Theophilus must leave us, because he is a soldier; then we shall lose our chief support, as his father is put on half pay since his accident, and you know that we bring up four little children, one of whom has a lame arm; so that it is at no ordinary rate we have to work, and we have also with us our eldest daughter, who is a widow, with two children. Consider how much we need our son. If he went to the regiment that lies at Strasburg,

we might have him with us from time to time; but if they send him to Africa, we shall hardly ever see him again." *

After these words the old woman was obliged to wipe away the tears that trickled down her cheeks.

"But, dear mother, you must not anticipate affliction," said Mrs. Werther; "it is still very possible that your son may draw a high number; and as respects Africa, my brother has also been there this three years, and though he has been in several battles, he has got but one trifling wound. You must not think the worst to be most probable. Pray make yourself more easy; put your trust in God, who will in no event forsake you; people would give you now and then what would sustain you in case of need."

The consoling words of Mrs. Werther somewhat calmed old Mrs. Michelin.

"I will do that; come what will, I will follow your advice, and trust in God,"—and so the old woman departed. The children thought about their uncle; and after Mother Michelin had gone away—Henry inquired:—

"Mamma, will not uncle come back again?"

"I expect him my child; and hope that he will not be long from us; he has written to me that he would be with us by this time, and that he hoped to pass the New Year among us."

*The Militia, into which Theophilus was pressed, by law of that country drew lots or numbers; and those who drew the lowest numbers were first sent to the wars. The rest remained in barracks, and under training, till needed in the field.—EDITOR.

"Oh, that is fine!" cried Caroline, "then you, dear Cecilia, must teach me the little hymn that I promised uncle to rehearse on New Year's day."

"Oh, we shall certainly get beautiful New Year's presents then," observed Augustus; "when he left us, he gave me a huzzar, and said, 'you must be a brave soldier when you grow big;' but, mamma, I hope you will not be sorry, as old Mrs. Michelin is, when I shall go away to the camp."

They laughed at the brave little fellow, and asked many other questions, as the children could not hear enough concerning the captain, their good uncle, whom they loved with their whole hearts.

The wind came blowing strongly, and strewed innumerable shrivelled leaves about, and the dust blew into the children's eyes.

"We had better go back into the house," said the mother.

"What a pity that it is cold so early," spoke up Cecilia, "we always sit so pleasantly under the trees."

"Ah, if an arbor stood here!—that would be pleasant," said Augustus.

"An arbor! Yes, that would protect us much from the winds; but not from the rains. I wish that a little garden-house stood here," responded Ernest.

"Ah, yes, that would be nice," they all exclaimed, and Henry added—

"Or a Turkish tent, with a gilded ball, and a half moon, and copper arrows, like Mr. Chamant's tent, in which we

saw the Persian carpets and silk hangings, a Divan, with cushions, and crystal-coloured candle-sticks."

"Oh, how beautiful that must have been! ah, I wish I had also seen that," said the younger ones.

"Let it be as handsome as it may," said Cecilia, "I would give the preference to a Chinese tent."

"In earnest?"

"Certainly, it is still handsomer."

"How does it look then?"

"It is square, and of porcelain—at least the temples and villas, in China, are so built; among ourselves, people must cover the mason-work with coloured earthenware, the roof with yellow copper plates, and on the ridge of the roof set up a gilded dragon, and dispose little tin bells around the top; the doors and windows must be of red, blue, yellow, violet, and green glass. The interior must also be arranged in the Chinese taste. On the floor must be spread a matting of the finest straw; and on that matting must be painted some Chinese Mandarins, clothed in long red robes, with a pipe in the mouth, and a cup of tea in the hand of each; also young ladies with tiny small feet, under the shade of very large umbrellas, held by slaves over their heads, interspersed with birds, flowers, and insects."

"And how shall the furniture be?" asked Caroline.

"Well lackered," replied Cecilia.

"Ah, that must be beautiful," exclaimed Ernest and Augustus.

"Beautiful and elegant," added Henry; "then we, with

our drawing books, and you with your embroidery, would sit in it; and we could read and practice music, whatever the weather might be.—Oh, mamma!" said he, immediately turning himself towards Mrs. Werther, who was silently listening to them, "don't you think Cecilia's notions the prettiest?"

"I think they are very pretty; but I also think they are not practicable."

"And why not, mamma?" asked the children, as their mother stood suddenly still.

"Children," replied the mother hurriedly, I think that I hear the tramping of a horse—if that, indeed, is your uncle!"

"Oh, that shall be joy for us," exclaimed the children.

At once he was before them; all that had filled their thoughts was forgotten, and the children hurried along the alley to the house, rejoicing in the anticipation of seeing their beloved uncle.

They arrived at the steps, and saw through the open window that an officer, in a Jager's (huntsman's) uniform, had entered the room; and in the next moment they threw themselves in his arms, joyfully shouting—"Uncle! dear uncle, dear uncle."

"I was not mistaken then," said Mrs. Werther, who had in the meantime entered the room, and with open arms hastened to her beloved brother.

The captain was exceedingly delighted to find his sister

and little nephews and nieces well and active, and felt himself very happy in being again among them.

One morning, the captain, Mrs. Werther, and the children took a walk in the garden. Scarcely had they reached the spot where the conversation had taken place about the Chinese tent, when this pretty idea was again started by them.

"Oh, mamma, if only a tent stood here," cried the children.

"But, dear children, what a sum of money such a thing would cost! besides, I had to allow so many repairs to be done this year, that my bank cannot afford the expenses of new buildings."

"How much do you think that a Chinese tent would cost?" inquired the captain.

"At least, fifteen hundred francs."

"But do you know to a certainty, mamma?" asked the children.

"I know it quite certainly, for I have calculated it all."

"Then mamma was quite right; our plan is not to be approved, as it would be folly to lay out so much money for pleasure;" observed the elder children.

After that nothing more was said about the tent

New Year's night at length arrived. Besides the presents which the children had prepared, and with which they wished to surprise their mother, they determined also to gratify their beloved uncle.

It was a custom in the Werther family, that the children should on St. Sylvester's eve receive their presents. Henry and Cecilia got each a watch, Ernest a writing-desk with all things needed in writing, Caroline a book case, with some beautiful books, and Augustus several small puppets.

The children were in ecstacies about their beautiful presents. With unbounded delight they viewed them, and showed them to each other.

As the captain entered the room, the children hastened to meet him and bestow their presents. The boys gave him drawings which they themselves had made; Cecilia, a night-cap and a pair of slippers of her own making, and Caroline recited to him the little poem which she had committed to memory, and in which she promised to love her uncle and to be very diligent, and hoped to be able soon to work him something very beautiful.

"Now comes my turn," said the captain, and he laid down a sum, in gold pieces, on the table for the children. They did not however presume to take so large a present.

"Now, my dear children, don't you long to count your Napoleons?"

"In fact," answered Mrs. Werther, almost at the same time, with the children,—"that is too much!—What would you wish them to do with it should they take that much?"

"Why, what they please; and I think that they intend it for a Chinese summer house."

"That is too much, dear brother!"

"No, my dear sister, for three years I have given them

nothing—and who knows whether it is not the last time they shall get any thing from me?"

These last words reminded them of poor Mother Michelin's anxieties; but the pleasures of the moment soon effaced this sad recollection.

In the middle of January, the captain again left them. He directed his nephews and nieces to begin very early in the spring to build their Chinese tent, in which, when he would return, he hoped to take breakfast with them.

This year the spring commenced very early, so that in the middle of March they could begin to build the tent. It was about the time that military duties called the youth away. Their departure fell accidentally on the same day on which Mrs. Werther's children had directed the workmen to begin to build the tent. The master mason had prepared every thing, and was impatiently waiting on his neighbour, the carpenter, who had not attended at the appointed time. At last he made his appearance.

"We have long waited for you, neighbour," said the master.

"Yes, but that is old Michelin's fault."

"How so?"

"Just now, the poor man is so distressed by the news, that his son has drawn so low a number, and his wife is dying with grief, because they must lose their son, who is their only support. He fell down senseless before my work-shop; they carried him into the house, and he revived again as I came away."

"'T is truly a great loss to their family; Theophilus is an excellent youth, and a valuable labourer."

"It is unfortunate, but it cannot be helped."

"Yes it could, if he could get another to go in his place."

"Well, but where to find one? the substitute would demand about two thousand francs."

"I am certain that the basket-maker's nephew would gladly do it for fifteen hundred francs."

"Fifteen hundred francs?" exclaimed the children, who had with interest, listened to the conversation.

"Yes indeed," replied the carpenter; "but the Michelin's have not one in their house."

"Now young gentlemen, and ladies, we shall go on with the work."

"No, not just yet," replied Cecilia.

"What now, you were so anxious to have it begun."

"We must first speak to mamma," replied Henry.

"We have spoken to your mamma already," replied the carpenter.

"That is no matter; never mind, we will bring you an answer soon."

"What have the little folks now in their minds?" said the mason to the carpenter, as the children withdrew themselves, and both the men, much displeased, returned to the village.

The result of the consultation was soon made known.

The children gave up the building of their Chinese tent. Theophilus remained with his family. The basket-maker's

nephew became his substitute, and received the fifteen hundred francs.

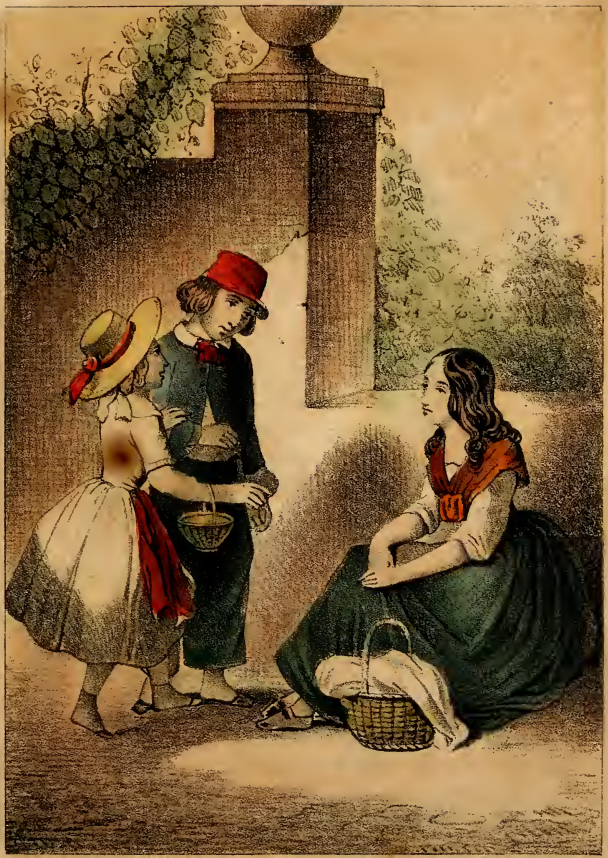
Six months afterwards, their uncle, the captain, returned home, and again visited his beloved sister and her children. He immediately looked for the Chinese tent, and seemed much disappointed that they had been so slow to complete that which they had so eagerly wished for. But when he ascertained the cause why the building of the tent had been delayed; he embraced the good children and said, "I am much pleased that you have made so good an application of your New Year's present."

THE FOURTH TALE.

THE LITTLE SPANISH GIRL.

Mr. Hearty, the merchant, had a delightful garden outside of the city, and his children were never happier than when their parents took a jaunt with them thither. Their thoughts were occupied with the pleasures which there awaited them. They started every morning, rejoicing, to school, in order to study diligently and learn; so that they might have time after school hours to their own innocent enjoyments quite undisturbed. This beautiful garden supplied them with all sorts of fruits; there they were allowed to pluck strawberries and currants, collect flowers and bind them into nosegays; there they had their own little plantation and the necessary garden implements, such as spades, hoes, shovels, and rakes; and they could properly use them.

Bertha, and Charles, for thus were the children called, never neglected to take with them little baskets, wherein to keep whatever they plucked; and when they started for the garden, they left the elder folks fully a hundred yards behind



them—so great a speed did their desire to get to the garden add to their steps.

One evening, when the sultry heat of the day had been considerably moderated by a heavy rain, the atmosphere was redolent with the fragrance of blooming hawthorns and wild roses; the flowers which had drooped and bent in the glowing sunshine, raised up their heads and shed heavy trembling drops from their cups.

The two children were glad that now the dust flew no more into their eyes, and they rushed onwards, in order to reach their garden, and witness how revived and fresh were their daisies after the refreshing shower. Their joy was soon dispelled. At the entrance of the garden they found a little girl sitting, who was weeping bitterly. A covered basket stood beside her on the ground, and she leaned her head on her hand, her elbow being on her knee.

"What ails you, poor little girl?" immediately inquired Bertha.

"Oh, I am much afflicted," she answered.

"And for what? pray tell us; perhaps we may be able to comfort you."

"I have been going around with this little basket, to try to sell my waffles to the passers by, we wanted something to eat in the evening; but the rain fell so heavily that all the people retired, and I have not sold a groat's worth. What will my mother say?"

"O she will surely not scold you, seeing it is not your fault."

"Yes, Miss, but then we must go to bed supperless."

"No, no, that must not be; you shall not go to sleep without eating, I have some change in my pocket, which you shall have; but wait, wait now; there is more help for you."

And upon this the good child ran in all haste to her parents, in order to tell them about the little trader girl, and to entreat them to console her.

Mrs. Hearty went immediately, at her little daughter's solicitation, and very readily bought the whole basket of waffles.

The expressive countenance of the girl, her genteel dress, and above all, her respectful behaviour excited towards her a peculiar interest. Mrs. Hearty addressed some questions to her concerning her parents, and their residence. The child now related, while tears suffused her eyes, that her parents were unfortunate exiles, who had to flee from their home, in Spain.

As it was almost night, the little girl gratefully thanked her benefactors, and took her leave of them, fearing that her parents might be anxious about her.

"Come again to-morrow, my dear child!" said Mrs. Hearty,—"we shall be very glad to buy something of you then."

"I will be so happy," replied the girl, "accept my thanks for your goodness."

When Bertha came to the house, she was still thinking about the little Spanish girl.

"Ah! Mamma, I thank you, that you have given some-

thing to the poor child. Now she and her parents have something to eat to-night. How beautifully she spoke, did she not? and how well she knew how to behave herself politely. But did you not observe too, how ragged her clothes were; but it is evident that they were made of costly materials; her parents must have been very wealthy people."

"You see, my child, that even wealthy people may become poor."

Bertha dreamed the whole night of the little Theresa, for such was the name of the little Spanish girl.

Hardly had the morning beams brightened her pleasant bed-chamber, when up she started, and began to search for some garment or other in her wardrobe, that she could spare, wherewith to clothe the little Spanish girl. Earlier than usual she betook herself to school, in order to relate to her schoolmates her interview with Theresa.

The school had not yet commenced. All her little friends surrounded her and assailed her with innumerable questions. Their curiosity still increased, and in order to gratify them, she proposed that they should be very attentive and diligent, so that their Teacher might permit them to take a walk with her that evening in the garden before the city, where she hoped they might become acquainted with the little Spanish trader.

But the good Bertha detained them too long—and during the intermission she hastened home, and asked her mother if she would not send the little Theresa to the school about the time it would be out.

All exerted themselves admirably. Theresa soon found herself in the midst of the school misses, with a basket full of waffles, which were sold in a few moments.

Joy beamed from the poor child's eyes. How glad she was, that her mother might have so much money to procure the necessaries of life. She could not answer the numerous questions put by the girls. She was an object of general wonder. She spoke so politely, behaved herself with such propriety, and was so genteel, judicious, and modest. She spoke French as fluently, accurately, and beautifully as if it were her mother tongue.

The school-mistress was also surprised at the lovely girl, and inquired after the condition of her family. Theresa answered with such freedom and sincerity, that the interest which they felt in her, still increased. The many things which she told of all the troubles, hardships, and sorrows, which she had to endure until she arrived in France, excited in all a wish that she would give a full and connected narration of her fate.

"Oh, tell us, tell us the whole story of your misfortunes," cried nearly all the girls together.

"I will first ask my mother, and if it is allowed me, I shall tell all that I can remember, to-morrow, when I shall have fresh waffles to carry round."

Theresa's mother had no objection that she should gratify the great interest in their fate, which these entreaties indicated. On the next day she began her narrative, for which they had waited with great impatience.

"My father once filled an important office; we resided in a magnificent palace, had splendid coaches, excellent horses, and many servants. In the time of the revolution, we were awakened in the night, by heavy raps on our door; and a servant, who was very devoted to papa, entered with the cry —'Master save yourself, they will take you to prison.' My father sprang out of bed, threw his mantle about him, and followed the servant, who conducted him through a subterranean passage which led to the open country. Then the faithful servant returned for mamma, took my brother and me in his arms; 'Follow me,' said he to my mother; 'my master is safe.' Mamma wept, and we wept with her. 'Hush, hush' said he, in a low voice, 'they may hear us.' The brave fellow brought us to papa, who, weeping, locked us in his arms, as he had dreaded that people sought our lives. My brother and I trembled with the cold, and my father threw part of his mantle around us. Mamma was exceedingly grieved. We heard shouts and shots; we trembled, and were extremely alarmed. Suddenly a trap-door opened above us, through which the good servant sent us down our clothes, and with a rope he lowered to us a basket, with bread, and some pieces of beef. But we all lay huddled together, and papa said,—'The good youth has, in his hurry, thought only of our hunger, and has forgotten that we may be thirsty.' And truly we suffered more from thirst than hunger. Mamma would not eat, she did nothing but weep. Papa endeavoured to encourage her; and remarked to her that we were not yet lost. Finally she forced herself to take something. We lis-

tened every moment, always expecting that the trap-door would open once more, and the good servant reach us some water. Two long days we waited in vain. My father thought of nothing else than that our servant must have been murdered. When all was quiet again, my father resolved to leave our lurking place, and to seek out one of our tenants who resided in a mountain. This man was much attached to us, and therefore my father did not hesitate to take us to him. During the night we left our subterranean abode. My brother and myself were very glad that we could walk in the cheerful moonlight; but we soon became very tired, and papa was obliged to carry us turn about.

"A heavy rain unexpectedly fell, and we had nothing to protect us. Oh, dear children, you would have wept much more, if you had seen how we were wet through and through; shuddering with cold, on tedious paths that had become slippery, often stumbling, and sometimes falling as we groped our way. I heard the deep sighs of mamma, I was sure that she wept. I wept too, but none spoke a word. Oh, it was a sorrowful wandering.—Finally we reached our tenant's farm —but think of our misfortune!—it was all burnt down; only some little corners of the barn remained standing, which served, by means of some boards, to make a temporary hut.

"My father rapped gently at the door; and with a palpitating heart the farmer hastened to answer it, still in dread of the robbers of the former night. Ah, you should have seen his astonishment and sorrow, when he beheld us all in that

wretched condition. My father told him what he had endured. His wife and daughter hastened to kindle a fire in order to dry us, as to changing our clothes there, that was not even to be thought of. A couch of straw was prepared for us immediately. The good people gave us two covers, which were all they had remaining. Our meal consisted of water-soup, which was seasoned with bacon. Oh, how delightfully that soup tasted to us! We were hungry and thirsty, and the broth allayed both.

"The band of robbers had stolen all the tenant's money, driven off his cattle, and swept away all he possessed, except what he must procure by labor. He was truly affected, that he now could not, in the least, assist his master. This man had formerly been a soldier, and knew, through the excursions in which he had to assist, all the paths of the mountains, which to most people were unknown. He offered to go himself as our escort to the boundaries of France. After we had rested with him two days, we again began our journey, as my father was afraid that here he might soon be discovered. Fortunately the robbers had not taken with them the farmer's mule, which stood in a little stable.

"My brother and I were very sorry; it was painfully grieving to see our mother. She spoke little and wept much.

"Our way was, in a great proportion, along very narrow foot paths which were strewed full of stones. We came by very steep places, over deep abysses, but papa and the faithful guide held us fast on the mule. Mamma followed us. She held by one hand to father's mantle, and supported her

self with the other on an old umbrella, which the farmer had given her in order to protect herself from the heavy rains. In the evening we reached a dwelling. Straw litter was our bed, our meal was black bread, and cheese that had been dried in the sun. A little goats' milk, not enough for all, our good mamma gave to us children.

"Never did we fare so well any other evening; after this we were obliged to content ourselves with shepherds' huts, where we got potatoes that had been cooked the preceding day, and a bit of moulded bread. But our good tenant always provided us with some water, which was a real refreshment to us. That hunger makes the poorest food palatable, dear children, I daily experienced in our journey; for we always deemed the most meagre fare excellent. Many a time we looked afar off, and sometimes at the places nigh us—unfortunates, that we were, to leave the land of our fathers! But we endeavoured to keep up steadily with our guide; he deemed it unsafe to hurry; his opinion was, that the larger the company, so much the more would we be in danger of being discovered. My dear mother seldom rode the mule, though her feet were all wounds. The good farmer bound them, every evening, with broad leaves; and every morning my good mamma felt herself something easier; but still the journey never entirely overcame her. I have not yet told you, that our guide often discovered people that would have seized us; on such occasions we did all we could not to excite their suspicion.

"One evening, our mule was so tired that he could hardly

move any farther. The day had closed, it soon became dark, and my brother and myself, were greatly alarmed. Papa held each of us by the hand. We observed close by some shady trees, a man—we walked up to him; he was a poor old man. He did not move. At the first moment we thought he was dead. Papa remarked that he was a clergyman. 'The poor unfortunate,' said mamma, 'hunger and the fatigue of travelling may have brought him to this condition.' Upon this he moved his head. He appeared so miserable that the tears came into our eyes. We each gave him our hand, but we could hardly feel that he pressed it. Papa gave him some drops of water to drink, which he had in a flask, while the farmer hastened to a tavern, which luckily stood at a short distance, in order to fetch him goats' milk.

"As soon as he had tasted something, he opened his eyes and reached papa his hand, to thank him. In his kind looks, there appeared so much goodness of heart, that we felt the sincerest pity for this wretched man. Papa set him, with our guide's assistance, on the mule; but the feeble old man could not hold himself up; papa was obliged to sit behind him, in order to hold him.

"I carried his staff and his book, my brother his cloak and a small bundle, which contained his little wealth. The meek old man seemed to wish to express his thankfulness towards us, for he often moved his lips, but he could not speak a single word. We came to the tavern. A good straw couch was immediately made for him; papa and mamma

watched the whole night by him, so that they might, every half hour, give him some milk. The next day he could stand on his feet and speak again, but so low that we could hardly understand him.

"Ah, if we had not then come, he would have surely died. And to die of hunger must be a horrible death!

"We kept the miserable man with us; he could not thank us enough, as himself evidently signified. 'God has sent you to me,' he often said, 'in order to save my life.'

"I have forgotten to tell you, how sorry we were, when our tenant was obliged to leave us; he pressed all of us by the hand, and wept with us; yes, for the good man had saved our lives.

"We came afterwards to a very amiable lady; who also was an exile fleeing away. Every day she shared with us her meal, and deplored that she was not rich, for then she would have gladly kept us with her. Our good priest got an inferior office in a convent, and shortly afterwards we reached Bordeaux.

"There our real misfortunes first began. Mamma was obliged to sell all her rings, papa his cloak, although it had been of great use to us, as it often served us at night for a covering."

At the mentioning of this sorrowful time, the tears flowed down Theresa's cheeks; and the school girls also were not unmoved.

"We have lived about a year in this city; when we came,

people told us that we would do better here; but mamma did not believe it.

"Immediately on our arrival, mamma was obliged to sell even the little that she still possessed. She parted with her ear-rings, so that she might get us something to eat. Papa and my brother cared no more to go out; they could not let themselves be seen abroad, because their clothing was in such a pitiable condition. However, my mamma found means to make them some pieces of clothing. While lingering at the market-place, my father observed a woman selling waffles. He often watched her to see how she worked the dough; and finally he was so lucky as to see how it was done, and then he told mamma how the dough must be prepared. But now we had no waffle-irons, nor a coal-pan, nor any coal. My dear mamma, drew the last ring she had off her finger, though it was a keepsake of my sainted grandmamma.

"Next day, we had all that was necessary. Papa immediately made the experiment. It succeeded; mamma undertook the employment, with the best success. I go about daily, in order to help mamma by selling the waffles. I generally sell about two baskets full. Before I buy, with the proceeds, the means of living, I first bring her the flour, sugar, and orange-flowers for the next day, and what waffles remain unsold always serve to support ourselves.

"See then, my dear children, what has befallen us, since we left Spain."

"Poor Theresa!" exclaimed many of the little Misses together "we will do something for you yet; come

every Thursday and Monday to us, with a basket-full of waffles."

Theresa extended her hand to the children, in token of her gratitude, and the poor child departed, evidently with a lighter heart.

When the girls next met, they consulted with each other about the means by which they might sustain this poor family. They resolved to solicit their mothers for pieces of clothing for Theresa and her mother, and every week to save of their pocket money four francs for her poor parents. This collection of money amounted at the end of the week to so much that the poor exiles received a franc each, at the least, daily from these children.

The school-mistress too, who most sincerely pitied the distress of this poor family, collected presents. She raised a collection, and immediately sent the proceeds to the unfortunate Spaniards.

You may imagine their surprise and joy, my dear children.

Theresa's father came and thanked the Teacher and her school children, for their presents; assuring them that if he ever could return to his own country, he would be happy to repay their noble conduct. During a whole year, the schoolgirls firmly carried out their resolution, to provide for, and sustain this family according to their ability.

But one morning, Theresa came to announce to them the joyful tidings, that her father was permitted to return to his own country, and to resume the possession of all his estates:

so that now the family hastened to begin their journey homewards. The school girls, with many tears, took leave of Theresa, and made her promise that she would write to them.

Three months elapsed, and no news arrived of Theresa. "The little waffle-seller has forgotten us;" the girls would often say; but no, a loaded waggon, one day halted before the school-house, and several large boxes were unloaded; they were addressed to the school-mistress, and with them also came a letter requesting her to communicate the contents to her pupils.

With the utmost impatience all were unpacked. They found in one of the boxes the most precious fruits of the south; in the others the most beautiful play-things for the smaller, and all sorts of splendid jewelry for the larger girls. A paper lay on the top of the contents, on which was written the following words:—

"TOKEN OF THE GRATITUDE OF THERESA,
THE LITTLE WAFFLE-SELLER."

In a long letter, Theresa acquainted them with every thing; how fortunate her relatives were again; how the Lord, whose counsels are wonderful, made all things tend for their good. The school-girls sympathized in Theresa's happiness with their whole hearts, just as they had formerly sympathized in her distress.

THE FIFTH TALE.

THE MISCHIEVOUS ADELE.

In the young ladies' seminary where I obtained my education, there came, a few weeks after my own arrival, a girl who belonged to a respectable family. She was thirteen years old, but taller and stouter than is common at that age. Her countenance was handsome, her features regular; she was indeed a beautiful girl, but of a most mischievous disposition, which twinkled in her charming eyes, and yet in no respect disfigured the expression of her countenance.

It was not long before we discovered in her a number of faults, and I observed that she took pleasure in pursuing all sorts of trickery to which she had a mind. She had however completely won our love, as she was not malicious, and was on the whole agreeable; wherever she could render a favour to any one, she would be sure to do it. Her droll answers and comical remarks made us many a time burst out into laughing. She had a sound understanding, and learning was no trouble to her; but she was so inattentive

and thoughtless, or rather so absent-minded, that she would sit a whole hour over her book, without having learned a single word of what was given to her. In vain we spoke to her to collect her thoughts; in vain did we remind her that she would incur inevitable censure or even a sharp reproof. We often proffered our assistance to her, but then she would answer: "you poor children, you do not know Adele, you must know that learning is rather troublesome to me, and I hate whatever is troublesome. I employ myself in thinking of things that amuse me."

During the first two weeks, she did not venture to speak a word in the sleeping chamber; she only covered herself deep in bed, and once and awhile drew a heavy sigh, or made some ridiculous exclamation; but such conduct would soon ruin others.

Her bed stood very near the door, and she could therefore hear the school-mistress coming, though walking ever so lightly. As soon as she perceived the mistress, she was on the alert to warn us; but no sooner had she withdrawn than Adele began to say something funny, that made us all scream out in laughing. We frequently called out to her "keep silence there, Adele!—keep yourself quiet, you will be scolded."

"Oh!" she would then answer us, "mind you that I am lying quite as immovable in my bed as a mug, when I don't sleep; I am not so simple as to be quite deprived here of a little fun; I have had trouble enough all day with my books, therefore

I may well allow myself a little recreation in the evening, and indeed little else should be expected of me."

Then she would begin to prattle and jest, and indeed even act out fully a whole comedy, and allot parts of it to each of us, according to our characters.

"Miss Coline," she said to a large girl, "I make you a Duchess, you have a great opinion of yourself, you are very learned already, and allow yourself very willingly to exercise great dignity; it becomes you very well, and it is fully your right to be one."

"You Pauline, as you are always so cheerful and so jocose besides, you are to be the chambermaid of the Lady Duchess; you must amuse her grace, and tell her all you know, and once in a while what you don't know too."

"And these young ladies," continued Adele, speaking to two sisters, "must be the Duchess' daughters, because they are so handsome, and it is very well for them to have this high position."

"But now what shall I make of our Cato? You have wisdom and to spare, that is certain; you are always prudent and cautious—but you shall not maintain forever this glory wherein you always pride yourself so; I—I will rob you of it. But for the present you may keep it."

"What must I do now with our little nun there in the corner?" (this was myself) "you may pay well for laughing or for too much prattling, and fall out of bed yet? No, not that, but they may strike you. You think perhaps, you are better

than I?—All that may be, and not much still! But you shall knit with all for a wager, in order to gain a prize; you may earn it my way; I give you leave, I would not have much need for a clothes-basket to place in your way to win my prize."

"You, Adele, you may surely claim a prize for naughtiness, when they give one for it," said one of the pupils.

"None will contend with me about that prize, it will come to me of course."

Adele observed that some one approached with a light, and she instantly covered herself.

"Somebody was talking here," said the school-mistress as she entered the door. "It was certainly Adele." She walked to the bed, shook her, but found her apparently in a deep sleep; that girl could do what she pleased with her features—she could arrange her muscles as she pleased—and could counterfeit whatever character she chose to assume.

It was impossible for us to refrain from laughing at this dissembling, and at the astonishment of the school-mistress, who still was sure that she had heard Adele.

The school-mistress then went to bed, and Adele was as still as a little mouse.

Two days afterwards, it was on a Thursday, Adele expected to have more liberty for certain, and began her usual chattering; she proclaimed a prize distribution. And mark, my dear children, how dangerous a bad example is? it would profit us to refrain from idle talking; it is sensible thoughts that incline us always to our own best interests. I had my-

self a strong inclination to talk with her; yet I refrained, but meanwhile laughed heartily, as it was impossible to avoid doing so.

The principal of the institute, and her assistant, who slept in our chamber, had secretly, in the dark, glided to the door and suddenly opened it, in order to entrap Adele in the act. But at the first noise by the pressure on the door latch, she slipped under the bedclothes and appeared to sleep very soundly.

One of the ladies held a light, while the other endeavoured to awaken Adele out of her sleep, but all her trouble was in vain. She could not succeed in awaking her, and had to give up the attempt.

The principal, who had heard and observed the severa voices, gave a stern rebuke, and prescribed a severe punish ment for the next day. She then left the room with her companion, quite convinced that none of the scholars would now speak a word.

In the first moment nothing was to be heard but a lonely sigh. But when Adele thought that the ladies had withdrawn themselves far enough, she began again to talk, and said, half laughing.

"They have shook me like a plumb tree, and they have almost set my nose on fire with the light.. I will bet that the smoke of the lamp has made great black mustaches on my face."

"Now you have seen that I can accomplish something— and it shall come to pass, if I once undertake to be industri-

trious and obedient, nobody shall equal me; meanwhile I have the honour to make known to the ladies that to-morrow they must march out to parade and pass muster on divers posts, in spite of sentinels, only our little nun is excluded from the parade, and need not do any spying; but as well as she has behaved herself, I may sometime yet rival her in being good. Now it is time to close your eyes. Sleep soundly all my dear little ones."

At last she slept, and so we finally became quiet. We were really tired of laughing at all the names she had given us.

Next day, after all the scholars were collected in our class room, the punishment was pronounced, according to what had been prescribed for our unworthy behaviour, and to us it seemed very severe.

We remained one whole week without going out to play in the hours of intermission—during that time we had no leave to walk abroad—our tasks were doubled, and with them the whole of us were employed. But Adele, the source of the misdemeanor, had besides, in consideration of her having been forewarned, also to stand, during the first of the instruction hours, in a corner of the class room, while the rest of us must remain standing in our places. "Because you have amused yourself in the sleeping room, contrary to what had been prescribed, you shall renounce entirely, during eight days, all the allowed pleasures," said the principal; "and standing here quiet, you may reflect upon it, whether it is right, that after evening-prayers, you should, behind the back

of the teacher with whom you had prayed, laughingly talk, and make noises."

Scarcely had the first hour of the instruction elapsed, when the door opened. In hurried the doctor, who came to visit one of the pupils who was not very well.

Confused at what was to him an uncommon spectacle, that so many of us should be standing there, he took a step backwards and immediately he read in our countenances that we were not placed there of our own accord. In order that he might no longer shame us, as he apprehended our great embarrassment, he made for the door, and did not come back again in order to attend his patient, nor even to speak a friendly word to us.

The patient, whose parents resided near the city, trembled with anxiety, lest her disgrace might come to the ears of her parents. Yet she hoped that the good doctor would keep secret what he had seen.

I must say that I was at the same time much troubled, I suffered more than the rest of my companions. I knew, for myself, that my faults were not so great as those of some others; I had merely laughed with them, but did not speak, and generally took no active part in the mischievousness of the girls. Laugh I must, because it really was utterly impossible for me to restrain myself. I wept bitterly, and could hardly be comforted. Adele then took my part, she declared me innocent; the other girls coincided with her. Upon this explanation my punishment was moderated, but still I dared not to sit down, as before.

This was a very beautiful trait in Adele. But the more she was chided, the less she tried to gratify her teachers and preceptress. She had now been three months in the institute, but she was punished nearly every day, and she learned almost nothing. Although she heard Scripture history with pleasure, yet she neglected it also, as well as her other lessons, and to search for the text that was given out from the bible. She deemed it a trivial thing, that she could not recite even the Catechism, for which she was placed at the foot of the class. These degradations ought to have shamed her, yet Adele was light-hearted in the extreme, and even upon this gave vent to all sorts of jests. She knew none of her questions when it came her turn to answer. She had, at some time, learned an extract out of the heading of the Catechism, and now she gave to all further questions still the same answer out of this extract; and this she repeated so fast and so indistinctly, that the good preacher, who did not stand near her, could not understand her, and therefore was not able to decide whether the answer was correct. We heard her well, but would not betray her. But the deception was destined to come to light.

One day, as we had again to recite our lessons, and Adele's turn had come, she gave the same answer, according to her custom; but she spoke some words so loudly that the teacher understood her distinctly. "But these words do not occur in your lesson of this day, my dear child! come close to me and repeat what you have just said."

Much confused, Adele walked nearer to him. She could not

give a correct answer to a single question. "You had better learn the preceding heading first;" continued the teacher, but even of this she knew nothing,—she had not once read it.

"Would you have me pass this by, my child?—you have now betrayed yourself, and you have wasted in vain all the hours passed here, while you might have become wiser and better, if you had been attentive and diligent."

We were all very angry with Adele, and when the class hours were ended we made bitter reproaches to her. Adele did not grieve herself about it, but remained the same, still indifferent and inattentive. Likewise, when in church, she failed in the gravity and respect due to the occasion. She must count exactly how many colours this or that lady had in her dress, and how many ribbons and roses she had seen in their hats; but not a single word did she retain of the sermon. Far from her was the thought, that the holy God heard and saw all things, and that he blesses those, who in spirit and in truth, revere and pray to him. God had especially endowed her with mental gifts; she should therefore have been the more thankful, and should have made the best use of them in her power.

There was but one object that particularly excited her interest and claimed her affections;—for the wants and misery of the poor she had a sympathizing heart. When she saw a poor person, there awoke in her a generous disposition; she was in a state to yield all as a sacrifice to it. She incurred great self-denial to soothe the sorrows of the poor.

Grant that this was right—admit her benevolent dis-

position, and even praise it too, if she fulfilled the commandment, to be benevolent and compassionate; but we may remark upon this subject, that people have duties towards themselves to fulfil, and to provide for themselves; to remove the poverty of their hearts, as mental poverty may lead us to err in respect to wisdom, virtue, and inward peace; in which respects Adele, in a great degree, erred. The virtue of compassion may be an excellent virtue, especially if it has its source in love towards God. But we cannot believe that benevolence springs from this source, so long as there is no endeavour to evince a greater love to God, which reveals itself in keeping all his holy commandments, which are learned from teachers, parents, and friends in God's service. But these things you have hitherto so little considered, that children should not be permitted indiscriminately to give alms to the poor. You must here perceive, that you may be following an indefinite impulse, more than being filled with sincere love to God, and a desire to fulfil his commandments. Adele should have meditated on this, and if it appeared that it was her real wish to fulfil, according to her power, the will of her heavenly Father in all humility, it would then have been proper for her to exert her benevolence and compassion.

Adele had sufficient understanding to perceive the truth of all this. At length she began to reflect. She shed bitter tears,—she felt how unworthy she had made herself by her former follies.

Soon afterwards a poor widow came along. She had an

arm broken, and was unable to work. She therefore appealed to the compassion of her fellow beings. All the school children were ready to give something. Adele considered that this was plainly a case in which they would be permitted to give alms to this unfortunate woman. She went hastily to bring her a gift, but the preceptress, who met her, said in an earnest tone: "Have you forgotten what has been ordered to you to-day?"

Adele was this time moved deeper than ever; she did not dare to go back to her fellow pupils, who were collected around the poor woman—she remained alone, sunk in deep reflection, and the tears flowed down her cheeks. The pupils had to put great restraint on themselves, as the poor widow was relating to us, in a quiet, simple manner, some very interesting scenes in her unfortunate life; how often she had undergone great privation and deep distress, but how a merciful God had sent to her good people, who very kindly took care of her and soothed her griefs. The children were happy that they could be instruments in God's hand to console with alms this poor woman, and thereby to dry the tears which she wept anew.

Just as the poor widow had gone away, the preacher came into the school. He spoke very kindly and cordially to all, but as he approached Adele, he contracted his brows with great severity, which made a deep impression upon her. He took her by the hand and looked silently at her. Adele, whom this proceeding greatly affected, fell into real anxiety because of this silence—it affected her more perhaps than many words

would have done—and tears suffused her down-cast eyes. At length the teacher looked kindly at her and said:—

"My child! I wish that I could let you feel the pain that you have here caused all who love you.—Oh, then you would immediately resolve to alter your conduct entirely—then it would be a pleasure to you to be obedient and diligent; and you would be loved by God and man. You have very seldom listened devoutly when I spoke to you of our holy Redeemer, but you must have perceived that he has not patiently borne so heavy a cross, in order that we should live on in our sins—he wishes to be our Redeemer from sin and from the miseries of sin—and he wishes to redeem you also, if you only pray to him to do it;—observe his commandments, and according to the example he has set, renounce your bad inclinations. I will also pray for you and your school-companions will do so too."

We were all moved—and Adele had never before been so deeply affected. She was permitted to retire and remain alone. When she had long staid away, we became uneasy and searched her out. We found her in a gloomy thicket in the garden, where she had laid herself down and wept bitterly. She spoke not a word, and could not eat that evening. The whole night through, we heard her now and then sobbing. God be thanked! it was the beginning of her regeneration; it was a holy sorrow, which worked to salvation; a repentance never to be repented of.

Next morning she went to her preceptress, and sought her

forgiveness of all her former misbehaviour, freely vowing that henceforth she would give no cause of disquietude.

The preceptress was affected by Adele's sincere repentance, and granted her request, for permission to go and ask the good preacher's pardon, and to make known to him her good intentions.

The old preceptor folded her in his arms, and said—"The Lord bless you, my child—adhere to your good purpose; the first step in improvement is the most difficult, but you have accomplished it courageously; pray to God for aid, and then your zeal shall not cool; look always to your Saviour, who has died for sin, rely not on yourself, or else you will fall again; let yourself be led by his hand, and pray unceasingly for strength and grace from above for the struggle with your evil propensities; then you shall overcome in every strife, and come forth victorious from every trial. And should it happen that you will occasionally find it difficult, that your old propensities still revive, never concede, if you would overcome them; every concession to return to them would endanger your soul; it is a snare of the enemy; to do good will at length be easier for you than to act badly. If we seek virtue, the eyes of Jesus will rest on us in love; our heavenly Father will behold us with approbation, then shall we be real disciples of Jesus, and through that become truly children of God, and will as such inherit the kingdom of Heaven, and there remain with God and Jesus to all eternity."

When Adele came back from the preacher, she came in our midst and besought us to forgive her, and said that she

had given us an unworthy example, and had occasionally brought punishment upon us through her thoughtlessness. She also entreated us earnestly to be as a sister inclined to her, to watch over her, and always to tell her her faults openly and freely, and when and wheresoever we might discover any such; so that she might never again fall into her former mode of life.

These voluntary humiliations were the strongest proofs of her thorough repentance, and of her firm resolve to improve. We all were heartily delighted by it, and we determined to exhibit towards Adele, with sisterly love, the friendship which she sought.

Adele wrote also to her mother, who sincerely rejoiced at the happy change which her child experienced. She did not delay in returning an answer, and to confirm her in the accomplishing of her holy purposes.

Adele persevered firmly in doing good. She was sincere and sensible, humble and obedient, took pleasure in learning, and made great progress in a short time. She became the favourite of all, and when she finally left the school, she was an intelligent and lovely young lady, and continued to be the delight and pride of her mother.

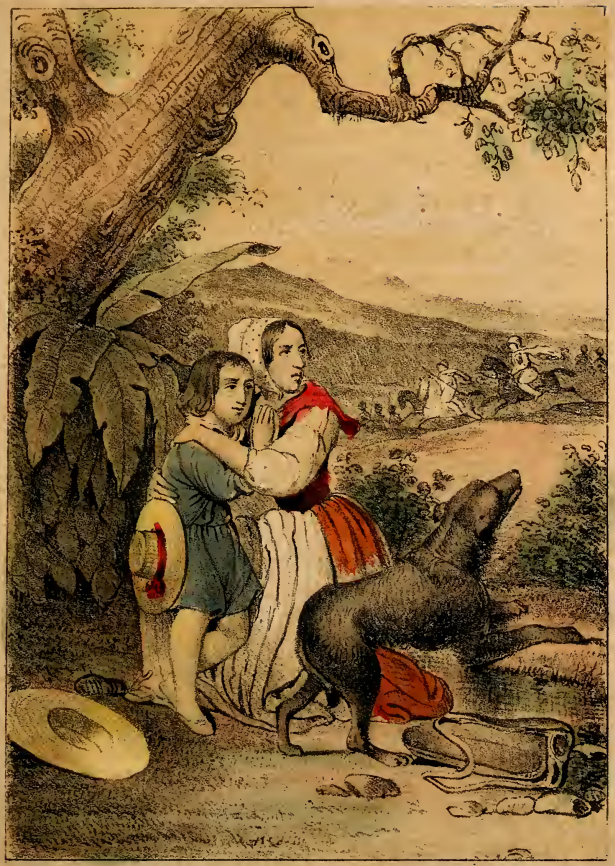
THE SIXTH TALE.

FEMALE COURAGE.

In the year 1839, the next day after Christmas, it happened that the African sky, which usually is bright and clear, became overcast with clouds. It was only occasionally that the sun's rays pierced through the gloomy atmosphere, and shone upon the white houses of Delly Ibrahim.

This beautiful village is situated some distance from Algiers, and is the first colony which European industry founded in the French possessions on the north coast of Africa. The exiles built shepherd huts of reeds, and the linen tents of a few Arab tribes have disappeared, and in their place, very small but quite neat white houses have sprung up. The surrounding country is cultivated, the marshes from which ascended pernicious vapors, are filled with earth, and the whole district is altered, and presents a better appearance.

One part of the French army, which had established a camp near the village of Delly Ibrahim, defended the colony against the daring attacks of the Arabs; so that the cultivator



could attend his field without carrying his gun, and the herdsman bring his flock to pasture, without fear of any other danger than that the hyena or the jackal might attack the flock; but such excited less terror than the savage Arabs.

One day the colonists sat on the door-sills of their lonely dwellings, and spoke to each other of the land of their birth, reminding each other of the bright and joyful days of their youth. For a long time they had seen nothing of the Arabs, and felt convinced that under the protection of the soldiers they had nothing to fear. The shepherds and young maidens sang a solemn hymn in the neighbouring church-yard. At a distance from them sat an old woman, on the green sod on which the sweet-scented reseda in great numbers shed their odour. One might know at a glance that she must be a French-woman, but Africa's burning sun had changed the former white colour of her countenance into a copper-hued brown. Her aspect commanded respect and veneration. The cares of life had traced deep furrows on her forehead; yet she was the image of tranquil trust and calm resignation to the will of the Most High. A herd of oxen, which she tended, grazed quietly around her, and a lovely boy plucked a nosegay of wild-flowers, while a large brown dog lay stretched out on the grass, now and then looking up confidently at the child and at the old woman, and then laying his heavy head down to rest.

"Grandmother," said the boy, as the shepherds became silent, shall we not also sing a hymn?"

"With great pleasure, my dear James! we must not for-

get that; but sing with due reverence, because it is a prayer to God, that he may take us into his Almighty keeping."

Soft and sadly now sounded the trembling voice of age and the feeble tones of little James; and it seemed good to both to act thus, and to offer up in this manner their prayers to God.

When they had finished, the old lady pressed the boy to her heart; silent tears bathed her cheeks, and her head sank sorrowfully on her breast.

"Dear grandmother," exclaimed James, as he saw this, "you must not weep, I am always here with you, and when I shall be big, I shall do every thing for you; I shall work for you, and provide you with every thing that you shall want; I will be your help and comfort."

"Yes, certainly, that you will be, my good child! Oh, you are my comfort already, you love your grandmother truly, and you help me to tend the flock."

"Grandmother, tell me then once more, why did the Arabs take my father's life—my good, dear, father!"

"Ah, my dear child! only because they wanted to seize his property; for before our army came into this strange country there lived here a tribe of Arabs, in the most barbarous condition, and their greatest glory was in robbing and plundering; and although we have overpowered them, they refuse to accept our laws, customs, and religion. Under pretence of holding a friendly traffic with us, they enticed your father into their midst, and took his life in a horrible manner, plundered our dwelling, and set fire to our clothes

Many a colonist has met a dreadful death at their hands. Still I do not repent that I followed your father to this strange land; for what would have become of you, poor orphan, without father or mother, without protection or shelter, without aid or succour. Old as I am, I can yet earn daily bread for you and me; by tending this flock we gain as much as enables us to live, and when you grow up then we shall return to France and live well there among our friends, who——"

The child suddenly interrupted her discourse, and pointing to the dog, he said,—

"Grandmother, grandmother! only look at Hector, how frightened he sprang up, and how restless he looks about; he listens and stares with a fixed look in the same direction—should we not run from the appearance of danger? Grandmother, look! they are coming already—let us fly."

They could actually hear a dull sound, as when many horses gallop together; the sound became louder—it was nearer—the ground shook, and the wild scream of—"fly! fly!" echoed from all sides.

Three hundred Arabs on their fleet horses, in white clothes, and armed with long guns appeared in the horizon.

Herdmen, maidens, and colonists disappeared in a moment, but before old Sarah could recover from her horror and be able to escape, her whole herd was collected together, and surrounded by the Arabs.

"Mercy! mercy!" she cried, almost dying with terror, as she beheld an Arab swinging a frightful sword over little

James' head, "spare this infant's life; strike off my gray head rather, for I must soon die at all events."

"Mr. Robber," said little James, in touching simplicity, to an Arab who had grasped him, "oh will you have money? I have it in my pocket—there, there, please take my purse—only take it, and then let us go." And he reached up the purse in which were five pennies, his whole treasure, which he had long been laying up.

The Arab did not understand a single word, but he very well comprehended James' object, and however cruel and savage he may have been till then, he was touched with pity for the child and did him no harm, but told him that he might go. Sarah also beseeched her grandson to go home, but in vain, neither her tears nor her stern commands could move him to leave her—he clung fast to her, and would rather go with her into slavery than have his liberty without her.

The Arabs drove the cattle before them, and led Sarah and James along with them. Hector walked by the side of his little master, and vented his displeasure in low growls, and showed his sharp teeth if any one disturbed James.

Meanwhile, the shepherds who had fled at the sight of the robbers spread terror and dismay everywhere, and when they came to Delly Ibrahim they hastened to a beautifully situated, and tastefully built house, and rapped at the door. There the provost of the village resided with his wife and her mother. His prudence and courage had already on various emergencies been proved; he had often protected the inhabitants from

their enemies. In a moment he had sixty brave fellows collected around him, and he put himself at their head.

"Come!" said his modest young bride to him, "come, set these good people free once more from these arrogant barbarians; may God be with you and bless your efforts."

The little troop started at a full gallop, and soon overtook the Arabs, who were hindered by the cattle and prisoners which they had collected. The foremost of the French attacked the hindmost of the Arabs fiercely, without any reinforcement from the camp, although they saw a troop before them which was four times stronger than themselves.

In Delly Ibrahim the whole of the inhabitants collected around the provost's house, and many a silent prayer arose to God from anxious hearts that shuddered for the fate of those belonging to them, but who must then be in battle with the savage foe.

"Ah, the misfortune," exclaimed the provost's wife, in grief, "they have forgotten the cartridges. My horse here! saddle it for me instantly."

In their great haste the pursuers had actually forgotten all their ammunition, and must have surrendered themselves, without resistance, to their enemies. None would offer to assist them when the danger was so great. Yet a timid woman, till then trembling, was suddenly aroused into a heroine; and what no man dared to attempt, she, from love of her husband and devotion to her countrymen, quickly accomplished. Neither the tears of her gray-haired mother, nor the entreaties of the women standing around her, nor the horrible pictures

which they drew of the dangers in her way, could in the least degree change her resolution. It was very probable that another band of robbers swarmed around, and might fall on her, in her lonesome way to the battle ground.

"Here, Derifa! here, here!" she called aloud, and a little horse, black as ebony, and tame as a dog, ran up at her call. The intelligent animal looked so pleased and arched his neck as if he wished to serve her and to be mounted by her; but scarcely did he perceive his mistress' foot in the stirrup when he stretched his step, erected his head proudly, pricked forward his ears, distended his nostrils and neighed exultingly. Stamping impatiently, and with sparkling eyes, Derifa awaited the signal.

"Race it, Derifa!—race it!" said our brave heroine; and swift as a deer sped the flying animal, and quickly disappeared from the view of the trembling inhabitants of Delly Ibrahim, whose prayers and sighs followed him.

A quarter of an hour brought Derifa to the battle ground; a shout of delight and surprise thundered out from the little troop as they perceived what a precious load he carried. After hastily giving the necessary explanations, they gave a unanimous cheer to the noble woman, and she hastened back to the village, but by a path different from that on which she had come. The hand of an Almighty God led her that way.

Upon a very large plain that stretched away before her, she perceived a boy in the distance. "That must be James!" and swift as an arrow she made for the spot where she saw him standing. She had not been mistaken. The poor child could

hardly creep further for pains and fatigue—and yet he dared not stop there to rest himself, for fear of new dangers; and knew not what way to go. The Arabs had, in their career abandoned him while hurrying off with what they had, and he was an incumbrance to them. In vain he endeavoured to follow them so that he would not be separated from his grandmother. But he soon lost sight of them; and now he had turned back though utterly uncertain in what direction he should start. The noble Hector, still faithful, followed him and endeavoured by gripping his clothes to lead him homewards—does he know the right road? thought the child—finally, he luckily resolved to follow his dog—which now bounded on with delight as he perceived that his little master understood him. Loudly he lamented concerning his grandmother, but still he went on, often turning towards the direction in which the Arabs had disappeared, and still louder rose his crying. Our heroine picked him up, and was very happy to have already experienced so excellent a result of her prudent but daring undertaking, and then rescuing this abandoned orphan child.

When the Arabs found themselves overtaken by the French, they took to a precipitate flight, fearing that the few who came up with them would in a moment be reinforced by numerous troops of their countrymen, while they themselves could expect no assistance. The French pursued them with all speed, but they were more outraged yet by one horrible act of the Arabs;—they had killed old Sarah because she impeded them in their flight.

Unfortunately there ensued a thick fog, and caused the brave French to lose the track of the barbarians. After following them five hours in vain, they gave up the hope of overtaking them, and came back about dusk to the village.

Some Arabs were cut down in the first onset, but the French had been so fortunate as not to lose a single colonist, only one was wounded and he but slightly.

The whole colony was grieved for the deplorable end of old Sarah, but they rejoiced that little James, who was a general favourite, escaped with his life.

The next day the Commander of the camp came with the officers of his staff to Delly Ibrahim, in order to congratulate our heroine upon the memorable exploit which she had acomplished; he praised her courage, in which she had excelled many men. Before he departed he placed the cross of honour on her bosom, as a reward of her heroism.

The noble woman bestowed the distinction upon little James. "Behold now said she, how richly I am rewarded; I had no child, but now I have a beloved son; he may some day serve under your flag."

Joy beamed from the little fellow's eyes at these words, and when he grew up, his courage was often excited by the recollection of his father, of the good old Sarah his beloved grandmother, and of the heroic conduct of his protectress who had saved his life.

THE SEVENTH TALE.

JULIUS AND MARY.

In a charming district of the Tyrol Alps stood two children, whose expressive features were entirely conformable to the lovely spot where they stood. They knew and felt too, that their country was charming, and especially their place of birth magnificently situated; but they had never so fully nor so strongly felt it—nor become so deeply conscious of it as at the moment in which we introduce them.

They had ascended a considerable distance, and were become very tired. They stood still, in order to rest a little, but still more to look once again over the whole neighbourhood where they hitherto had so happily lived, but which they now should probably never see again.

Every foot path over the mountains and through the valley they knew so well, that they would not have missed it even in the night. There they had together caught marmots, and spread snares for birds, searched for flowers, and plucked roses—and then the swift stream that murmured

through the glen, how many recollections did it awaken in their childish thoughts.—How often had they strayed around with their father, or joyfully sang in the little boat, in which the travellers to their own strand were ferried over—how often had they caught fish there, with their father—and the father—the good father!—he was no more. Two years had they been the only joy and hope of a poor widow, and a sudden sickness took her also to the grave. The children turned with melancholy looks towards their hamlet, and tried to see once more their reed-thatched hut, and among the church-yard trees the tall lindens under which their father and mother lay buried.

There they stood, poor forsaken orphans, without protection or shelter,—alone in the great wide world. The village inhabitants were all so poor, that they were compelled to thrust their own children forth into the world, as soon as they were strong enough to seek their maintenance among strangers; these therefore could not help the orphans. Their mother had spun day and night, and in that manner tried to earn enough to support her children and herself; these exertions were quite too great and too constant; and threw her into a fever which cost her her life. When the poor widow could earn no more, she was compelled to sell her furniture. One article after another was carried away, till at length the miserable hut also became the property of another. When death had at last released the poor sufferer from her afflictions, nothing remained for the orphan children to do, but to seek their fortune; far from their father-land, in the wide

world—to obtain, by singing their plaintive mountain ballads, a support from the compassionate.

The few clothes and little trifles they yet possessed, they had tied together in a bundle; and after they had provided a good walking staff, they betook themselves to their journey. An old woman, who was a relation of their mother, accompanied them a short distance; but when the path became steeper, she embraced both the children, and with a sorrowful heart turned back to her dwelling, often looking up to heaven and moving her lips, in prayer to God that he would accompany the poor orphans, protect and shelter them.

The way was pleasant, the weather delightful; the children walked on, quite buoyant amid the charms of the scenery; but when their old aunt disappeared from their view, a sense of loneliness came over them. They felt themselves quite forsaken, and they could not restrain their tears.

They knew perfectly well that the path which they now ascended was not particularly difficult, but they had heard their mother tell of inaccessible mountains and impassable abysses—of dangerous and steep slippery paths, which even their father would have trodden with dread, because of the danger which there threatened the wanderer, who might readily slide off and be dashed on the rocks below.

They had now advanced as far as they were familiar with the road. Their friends had not described the way to them exactly, and they feared they might mistake it. As this occurred to their minds, they felt their energy sinking,

fear and anxiety beset them, and they gave vent to their feelings in loud lamentations.

In this great grief they reached the spot where we have introduced them. They wiped the tears from their inflamed eyes, in order once more to look around and above them; and silently they gazed in the direction of their hamlet. Julius suddenly interrupted the silence. The expression of his whole person showed that a happy thought was stirred in his soul,—that he had discovered a light in the night of their grief.

"Mary!" said he, "do you not remember a stranger who came to our village last summer, and whom we led by the paths and stiles over the mountains, and through the valley in this neighbourhood?"

"O yes, I will never forget the good man—and I think he too would well remember us, and the fresh mountain air that had restored him his health again—and the song which we sang him, and that he was so pleased to hear."

"I hope also, that he has not forgotten us; do you know where he lives?" said the boy.

"No, I do not remember; but it is very far from here to his home. Why do you ask me?"

"All that the gentleman told us stands now so plainly before my mind as though I had heard it but yesterday for the first time; and yet I have never so seriously thought of it as I have to day. Oh, if we could find him again! Dear Mary, then we would be protected! He spoke to us of God; of the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth, of Jesus Christ the

Son of God, our Lord, who became poor in order to make the poor rich—he taught us that the first and greatest commandment is, to love God, and our neighbour as ourselves—"

"Yes, Julius, I remember that and very clearly too,—and he told us that the Lord Jesus called little children to himself when his disciples would not let them come, and how he blessed them."

"Mary! I thought about this kind man, as I was looking at some flowers on the brow of the mountain.—Once I gathered a nosegay of the blue bellflowers and offered it to him. He sat himself down on a stone and made me remark each flower, and showed me their splendid hues, while he asked, 'have you ever heard any thing about Solomon?'—I answered, no. 'Now,' replied he, 'Solomon was the wisest and richest king that ever lived on the earth, and perhaps, that ever shall live in future; and yet he, in all his glory, was not clothed as beautifully as one of these wild flowers! If then the good God has so gloriously clothed these flowers, which wither—to delight the poor mountaineers—how much more will he give us all that we need?—think of this, my dear child, if you ever come to want!'"

"Yes, I heard him too, but I had not thought of it before to day."

"But dear sister now it does us good to think of it. He also said, 'you are poor children, but your father lives above —in heaven, and he is rich. He has made the golden sun, and all that live, live through him. Pray, when you are in trouble, and God will relieve you from all anxiety and

want.' —I have for some time prayed very often, but never so earnestly and sincerely as this morning, before we began our journey; and I feel myself comforted and strengthened thereby as if I had received a great present, and yet no person has given me any thing."

"I have also prayed, Julius," said the sweet girl. "Let us do so oftener, our good mother did so always, but I have this morning prayed quite differently from the usual way; I have not said the prayer which I committed to memory, but I have spoken, myself, to God, and told him all, exactly as it was in my heart. I have complained to him of what grieved me; I have told him what pressed and pained me, and I believe that the good Lord has this time understood something of my prayer, and that he will grant us what we shall pray for in that way, as he has told us that prayer is acceptable to Him, and that He will hear."

"Yes, Julius! I fully believe that God looks on us with pleasure when we pray; but I am afraid—I fear still that God will not hear us, because we have so often been disobedient. We have before this scarcely thought of God; but now, when we are in want and no person can help us, we first begin to pray and to think of him."

"I have thought much of that too, dear Mary; but I tell you, that I repent it, and I have firmly resolved, that from this on, in all the ways I may go, to be frank and honest, friendly and kind towards every person, and very diligent and industrious. The learned man also told us, that God will pardon all our sins, if we confess them and sincerely vow

that we shall sin no more; and he has further told us, that God will grant us the ability to do good and to shun evil, if we pray to him for it. Ah! if we could meet this good man, if he yet lives! he would make us joyful and very happy!"

Mary was quite cheered by these conversations, and took courage, and was again composed. She said "it seems to me as if we shall never again be so unfortunate, nor so forsaken as formerly; I believe now that the gracious God shall be with us, and will protect and defend us in all our ways."

"Certainly, Mary; the stranger has told me also, that God will send forth his angel, who, although we do not see him, hovers around us, to help us, where men cannot help."

"Ah, good God!" exclaimed Mary now, raising her clasped hands and her eyes up towards heaven, "we know not where this true friend, who has taught us all, lives, but thou knowest it, and thou canst guide us to him. Oh, lead us so that we may find him; for thou knowest all things, and canst do all things, that what we desire may happen."

"May God hear your prayer;" said Julius, while he threw his arm kindly around her neck, "come, let us go on further, and keep in good courage."

Yet once more they looked around in the direction of that dear spot—their home—and then went cheerfully on along the narrow foot paths of the mountain, which they ascended still further, and which now were wholly unknown to them.

Towards evening they reached the solitary hut of a hunter, where they passed the night. At daybreak next morning, he brought them a short distance on the way, towards a village

which lay some hours distant from his hut. The children had now taken a firm resolve to search out the good stranger, whom they so highly prized and sincerely loved. His place of residence they knew not, but they remembered very well that he was a German; they therefore directed their way northwards, after the people had told them that Germany lay in that direction. Daily, since the moment that they formed that resolution, they inquired, in order to seek out their old friend; he was ever in their prayers, and they prayed the living God to grant that they might find him. Their faith stood firm, that God was powerful enough to fulfil their prayers, although they knew neither the man's name nor that of his place of residence.

Without any remarkable occurrence, Julius and Mary reached the village pointed out to them by the hunter. They found there many compassionate people, who plentifully supplied them with bread and some other food; but to their great discomfort, none knew or could remember the traveller, who was very exactly described by the poor orphans, while they rested a whole day in the village. In fact they really needed a day's rest, as they were not accustomed to travelling on foot, and were not only very tired, but their feet had swollen, and some spots of them were here and there undershot with blood.

They afterwards proceeded still northwards towards Germany. When evening came, they turned again into shepherd's huts, into which they were usually received. Sometimes they found themselves compelled to pass the night in the open air,

when too tired, and no village near that was possible for them to reach. Of every person they met they inquired, whether he knew a large pale man, with dark hair and eyebrows, and clear blue eyes, who had passed a long time in the Tyrol, in order to enjoy its valleys and fresh mountain air, and thereby recover his health. Many persons were so good as to recollect themselves, whether they had ever seen the person described; others answered simply, No! and others laughed at the simplicity of the children.—Their confidence would sometimes be shaken, and they were particularly discouraged and distressed when they had deviated from the right path, and found themselves wandering in a lonesome wild district, and no longer knowing which way they had come or whither to go. One day they wakened at early dawn. They had passed the night with an old coal burner whom they found, and who had prepared them a straw couch.

"Are you awake, Mary?" whispered Julius.

"Yes, long ago, but I am so tired too."

"I am tired too, dear little sister!—all my limbs cause me much pain; my feet feel better, you have bound them so well for me."

"We will get up then—come let us be off, the birds sing so sweetly, and we are so sad; it may be something further, I think, to encourage us."

"Yes, dear sister, God cares for the birds, therefore they are so gay.—Oh, the All Merciful will not forsake the poor children, he will care also for them, if they only trust in him."

"Yes, I have thought so too; but we have been wandering now five weeks, like lost sheep, on the mountains and in the valleys around, and no person will have us with them where we could learn something whereby to earn our bread."—Tears prevented her further utterance.

"But Mary, we have always obtained our daily food, and have passed the night four times in the open country—and has not God's angel then watched over us, as over Jacob, of whom the dear German has told us?"

"Yes, but we pray daily that the living God would permit us to find this good friend again—but no person has met us that knew any thing about him."

Mary's dejection infected her brother, and both the orphan children, weeping, turned and walked to a collier's hut, to wait until it would cease raining, and God's beautiful heavens should become serene again, and that they might gain courage and comfort. The coal-burner was busy in his garden.

"Will ye go on further, children? Do you not want something in my hut?—but what is the matter—why are you so troubled?" and he drove the spade into the ground and approached the children; grasped both of them by the hand, and then sat himself down between them on a bank of turf.

Now they were obliged to relate to the kind old man all the incidents of their lives and all the events of their journey. They closed with the complaint—that they had believed that the gracious God would hear people's prayers—but hitherto their prayers were still unheard.

"Dear children!" said the old man, very gravely, "do you see these gray hairs?" and at these words he took his cap off, to strengthen the impression which the sight of his silver locks must awaken:—"Seventy times have these beech trees lost their leafy crown since I was born—and seventy times has God beautifully adorned them again, as they are now arrayed round my lonesome hut—now do you think that God is more mindful of these trees than he has been of me?—Children! you are yet young, and your journey of life may endure long; think occasionally on the old man with the gray hair! My head bends already towards the earth, in which I shall finally rest, but my trust in God has become as firm as these beech trees; and shakes not, even if troubles burst over me like a whirlwind.—God hears the young ravens very well, and when they cry to Him He gives them their food: how much more will he also give us, who know and revere Him!"

"Has God, then, heard your prayers?" asked Mary.

"My child, if the gracious Lord had always heard my prayers, it would be difficult for me to choose; for I have prayed for what would have proved a great disadvantage to me if the Lord had granted it; but I can assure you that God is a friend, and will grant our prayers when His granting them, will benefit us and make us happy. Believe me, dear children, if His granting your prayer, to find again your good German friend whom you seek would be useful to you, then God would surely let you meet him; but you must not be so impatient in searching for him, as if God could not

lead you to any other person who may be as kind to you as this man would be—perhaps the Lord may help you through some other person—perhaps it is better for you that you do not so soon reach a settled home, in order that you may learn the more readily to take refuge with the true Father of the orphan. Take courage,—be honest, industrious, and cheerful. God's eye watches constantly over you, and He will guide and lead you in the manner that will be best for you."

The children never felt themselves so satisfied and contented since they had lost sight of their parental dwelling. The words of the old collier,—that man whose trust in God was as unshaken as the rocks,—nightly comforted them. It seemed as if his faith had imbued them. They thanked him for his wise instruction; and after they had refreshed themselves with a bit of bread and a drink of water, they pursued their journey onward.

"Shall we not still pray to God, that we may find our friend again, if it be possible?" said Mary, after they had gone a long way in silence.

"Certainly, dear sister, but it is also true, as the old man has just said to us;—'God has perhaps many people who can help us; we dare not set our own wills as the best, but must wait patiently what God designs for us,—whatever pleases him."

It would be impossible, my dear children, to recite to you all the more or less important occurrences, that befel our little travellers on their weary journey. We confine ourselves to relating the chief incidents only. They had now been

twenty days in Germany, wandering about, without having found a single trace of their desired friend; yet they lost not their courage, nor relinquished the hope of finding him again. They regretted much that they had not inquired his name and place of abode—but there was no help for it now. God only could guide them, and they relied on Him alone for their daily food, and their lives.

One evening they reached a small town. They possessed only a few pennies, but not a crumb of bread. Yet they hoped to receive something from the people of the place before night-fall, and then to find a lodging also.

With throbbing hearts they stood before a dwelling, where a mail-coach had halted, and many people were collected. When the rattle of the vehicle had ceased, and they supposed they might be heard, they raised a soft evening song—with each stanza which they sang, they became more encouraged—their united voices were stronger, and the people in the dwelling began to notice them. Their song was ended, but no person gave them any thing. They then began their favourite song:—

"Deep down yon green vale,
Stands my lone cabin;
Bitter want has this lot me assign'd.
Up! climb the mountains!
Each step I ascend,
I feel myself richer and greater in mind.

"Here, from the mountains,
The glens look charming,
Freer I breathe the balmier gale;
Wild flowers bloom here,
In tints that delight me,
And balasmic odours for me exhale.

"Here hails the glacier,
The morning's first beam,
Mute but sublimely proclaims a God!
Here the fleet wild goat,
The silver brook drinketh;
Heav'n sheds blessings profusely abroad!

"Here, on the mountains,
My heart swells enraptur'd,
Beats quicker, louder, and proudlier free;
Here boldly scorn I,
All grief and sorrows,
I'm nigher to heav'n;—God is with me.

"Ah! must I ever,
My country forsake?
One boon, kind heav'n! unto me vouchsafe—
Here, sweet is my life,
Here, calm, I'd resign it.
Where rock'd my cradle—there be my grave."

Scarcely had they sang two verses, when an aged man opened the window, and very earnestly listened. When they had finished, he called the children to him, took his pen and a leaf of paper, and kindly said; "dear children, will you please to rehearse me once more that song; and I will write

it down, I have often heard a good friend of mine singing the beautiful melody, but the words have escaped him, he can remember but the first and last stanza now." Then turning himself to a youth, who stood by him, he proceeded: "It will give great pleasure to your uncle, if I can recite to him his loved mountain song, from beginning to end; all that he remembers of his residence in the Tyrolian mountains, is to him so valued and dear."

"My dear uncle has much to thank the pure mountain air for," replied the youth. "How weak and sickly he was when he left us, but there he soon recovered his health, and returned to us strong and hearty."

Julius and Mary said to each other with palpitating hearts —"it may perhaps——!"

When the old gentleman had written out the song, he felt in his pocket, about to give the children something; but Julius said:—

"My dear sir, we do not want any thing more for our song, than an answer to a single question. I heard you speak of a friend, who had lived a long while in the Tyrol, in order to restore his health, and who knows part of our song. Was it last summer he was there?—and has he not spoken of Julius and Mary—and of the widow, to whom he had been so good?"

"Julius and Mary, Oh, he spoke very often of them."

"God be praised!"—exclaimed the children, "ah, my dear sir, that is our best friend, because he has while we accompanied him on his walks, spoken much to us of God's mercy

and of his magnificent works. Where does he live?—we have been seeking him ever since our mother's death, because no person is so wise and so good as he; he will advise and help us that we may live as industrious and honest persons."

After more questions, the children became still more joyful, by the discovery that after such long searching, they had at length found their friend. He was a preacher at N—— which was distant many miles from the little town where they then were. But no journey was too long for them, and they would gladly have started that same evening, had not their great fatigue rendered that impossible.

The interest which the old gentleman took in the children, increased every moment. All the good that his friend told him of them, he saw verified. He was very sorry that he was compelled to journey in an opposite direction to that which the children must take. He gave them the names of the different places which they must pass; and he assured them that no person would assist them better with counsel and exertions than this preacher, his most intimate friend. He presented the poor orphans with as much money as would enable them to make the rest of their journey much more comfortably than they had made the first part of it, and they travelled on again the next day.

You may well suppose, that Julius and Mary did not tarry long in any one of the places through which their way led. Neither had they journeyed so cheerfully, nor had such bright thoughts entered their hearts, nor had they so much money as on the morning they left the little town,

where God in his goodness directed them on the path which led them securely to their goal. Believe not, dear children, that kindness met the poor orphans continually on all their routes;—many took them for impudent beggars, or for lazy vagabonds, and abused them with harsh language—"away with you, idlers!" Yes, once in a while, people would set their dogs on them, to chase them from their doors, while some took them for thieves who wanted to glide into their houses, in order to steal. If it happened that the good children were very tired, when they met with such treatment, you may imagine to yourselves their condition. But the end of their troubles was nigh. Their journey from this time out was not difficult. No person would over-charge the poor orphans, and they were now in a condition to stop at meal-time at a little road-side inn, and to get their lodgings there at night.

How their hearts throbbed as they, one evening, beheld the town of N—— lying before them! The declining sun gilded the church-spire—ah, thereabouts, thought the children, the beloved pastor's dwelling must be. No star, to their view, ever beamed so benignly as that spire, reflecting the sun's rays into their eyes, as if to invite them;—"Come and behold how the Lord leadeth those who trust in Him—come and see, our good friend is there, he will receive us with open arms!" Tears of joy glistened in their eyes.

They now quickened their steps. With beating hearts they entered the city gate. But a thought awaked in their minds—'what shall we say?'—they inquired of each other.

Meanwhile—ere they settled this question—they arrived before the house, the goal of their long and frequently painful journey. Should they pull the bell of the house?—or wait until some one would open the door?

Just then some person walked to the window.—It is he—yes, yes, it is himself! This loud joyful exclamation led a large and somewhat pale, but cheerful and good looking man, to direct his kind blue eyes towards the children. His glance was sharp and penetrating, as if he endeavoured to remember them—whom he well might.—With sobbing voices the children began to sing:—

"Ah! must I ever,
My country forsake?
One boon, kind heav'n! unto me vouchsafe—
Here, sweet is my life,
Here, calm I'd resign it.
Where rock'd my cradle,—there be my grave."

Hastily the pastor opened the door, as he heard these well-known tones, to which he had so often listened, when Julius and Mary sang it to him, together.

"My children!—is it you?—how came you here?"

Julius and Mary could not answer him; they covered his hands with tears and kisses—at last Julius recovered the firmness and courage to say:

"Our mother is dead, our little all is consumed, and we knew not whither to go. Then we prayed to God that he would permit us to find you out, although we knew neither

your name nor your residence. You have taught us to trust in God and to pray to him; Oh, teach us now what further we must do, in order to become happy and honest."

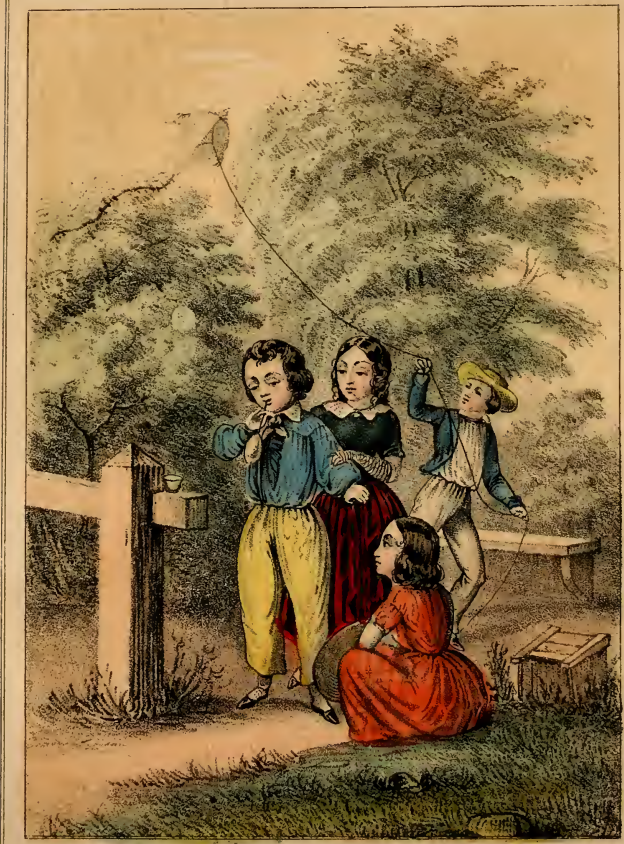
The Pastor was surprised and astonished at the faith of the children, and admired God's mercy, which so evidently had been with the poor orphans. He brought them to his wife—and then the orphans, after they had sufficiently rested and refreshed themselves, narrated to this beloved friend every thing that had occurred.

"You can remain in future with us," said the Pastor, kindly,—"I shall see whether you will find pleasure in learning something."

He would employ the children in all sorts of work in the garden and within doors, which contributed to their greatest contentment. They showed themselves so obedient, and attentive, so diligent and industrious, and besides acquired so much skill in all things, that the parson spoke to his wife, and both resolved to keep the orphan children with them and to educate them. Some hours of each day were devoted to instruction, and Julius showed such docility and understanding, and so much zeal and pleasure in learning, that he exceeded their expectations. Through his untiring industry he soon gained what had formerly been neglected, and left most boys, his elders, behind him. Mary, too, acquitted herself to the great pleasure of her foster parents; the industry and care which she displayed, both at school and in the house, where she was instructed in housekeeping, were crowned with the fairest results. Both Julius and Mary be-

came, under the oversight and direction of their esteemed friend and his amiable wife, good and happy persons. Thus their prayers were heard as they wished. But their cheerfulness was founded on godliness; and so their other prayers also began to be fulfilled;—they were become happy. They daily experienced that godliness is useful in all things, and that they had the promise of this life, that prosperity and health awaited them; and they bore in themselves the assurance that they should be happy, forever, in future.

THE END.



Soudaine Lith Phil.

MY PLAY IS STUDY:

A Book for Children.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,
BY L. LERMONT.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

To adapt this little work to the taste of American children, I have felt it to be my duty to vary in some respects from the original, but I have by no means lost sight of the title "Mein Spielen ist Lernen."

In my profession as a teacher of my native language, I have had sufficient opportunity to convince myself that a book interesting to German children may not always be so to Americans. For there is a great difference in their way of thinking, arising from the difference of their education. Whilst we in Germany are reminded continually "to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," the American is taught not to compromise the dignity of a free born citizen, by giving to Cæsar what is God's.

HOW PLAY MAY BE MADE USEFUL.

HOW PLAY MAY BE MADE USEFUL.

Gerard had his kite in the air. William, his youngest brother, for his amusement, blew soap bubbles. Sophia, their sister, watched the bubbles with great delight, when Amelia, their playmate, came behind, unobserved, and caught the bubble-blower by the arm.

"Have I taken you by surprise, learned sir?" said she. "I should hardly think that the stupid pastime of blowing soap bubbles was proper for a boy of your age."

"Do you know Æsop's favourite proverb?" asked William with a quiet smile, while he allowed the bubble to drop from his straw.

"No; Pray, what is it?"

"The bow that is always bent loses its elasticity and becomes weak."

"I am none the wiser, for I know very little of Æsop, or his favourite proverbs, or fables."

"I will be glad to enlighten you, if you have the patience to listen."

"Willingly," said the laughing girl, "for I am really curious to know how you will make Æsop's proverb excuse you for your waste of time in such a childish amusement."

"Your curiosity shall be satisfied," said William laughing, as he placed himself in the attitude of a Professor. "This Æsop was a very small and insignificant looking man, but he was so witty and full of penetration, that he not only attracted the attention of the learned, but his pungent sayings soon became the proverbs of all Greece, and the neighbouring countries. One day as he was playing at marbles with the children in the street, he observed an old man laughing at him for his childish behaviour. He ran to his house, and soon returned with a full bent bow in his hand, to intimate that the mind, as well as the bow, if always bent will lose its power, and that it is duty of the Philosopher to relieve his mind, as the sportsman relieves his bow."

"Truly, William, you plead your cause so well, that one would take you for a great lawyer. And if your wise Æsop found recreation in marbles, I cannot blame you for amusing yourself with soap bubbles, after school hours."

"And when I become as wise as Æsop," replied William, "I may exchange the 'stupid pastime of blowing bubbles,' for the more dignified game of marbles. I often think of Alphen's nursery rhymes."

"My play is study, and my study play," quoted Amelia. "Why should learning be toil? Is that what you wish to say?"

"At any rate, my *play* is *study*, whether my study is play, or not."

"Really, I should like to know how you can learn anything from blowing soap bubbles."

"Why not? Many a useful discovery has been made by paying attention to simple things."

"I have often heard my father make the same remark; nevertheless, I cannot see what philosophy there is in a soap bubble."

"Shall I commence," said William, with assumed earnestness, "with natural or moral philosophy. Notice the variety of colours—"

"Spare me your variety of colours," said Amelia, interrupting him, "for natural philosophy is a science we girls never aspire to understand. Please commence with moral philosophy. I may have less trouble in understanding you."

William took his straw and blew a bubble of moderate size into the air, which was soon followed by one as large as his head.

"And pray what moral can be drawn from these two disproportioned bubbles?"

"A very great one," answered William. "See how the small one winds its way in its upward flight, uninterruptedly, whilst the least breath of air has annihilated the larger one."

"But what is the application of this?" said she, earnestly.

"That is very simple indeed, and you will be able to comprehend it easily enough. The large bubble which burst so soon resembles the man who has risen by the caprice of the king or the people, and who by the least accident or change of opinion is thrown from his height to be trodden under foot in the dust of neglect and disgrace, whilst the humble citizen and labourer continue their peaceful course like the

smaller bubble, unaffected by state policy or court favor. From this I draw the inference that it is folly to strive for high offices, unless called there for the public good, and that the peace enjoyed in humble life is unattainable in the palaces of the great."

"Is this original?" asked Amelia, slyly.

"Original or not, the moral remains the same. But did you observe what direction the bubbles took?"

"As the wind is from the west, it was quite natural for the bubbles to go eastward."

"Very natural indeed, for a soap bubble," replied William thoughtfully. "But are there no human beings who resemble this soap bubble? How many allow themselves to be guided blindly, and without resistance, by things from without, and make no use of the talents entrusted to them by their Heavenly Father, as if they were not to answer themselves for their actions in this life. See the brute creation how grateful they are for their talents. See how faithfully they use their instinct, that was given to them for a guide."

"These ideas are quite new to me," said Amelia, "but I am sure that there are none among my friends who can be compared to a soap bubble. But I did not think that so many good things could

be learned from your soap bubbles, and I shall never call them stupid again, if you will forgive me this time," and with a low bow she seized Sophia by the arm, who had been a silent but interested listener, and ran towards Gerard, who was still amusing himself with his kite.

"It is a great pity, Gerard, you were not near enough to listen to your brother. He is quite a philosopher. You would hardly guess what great moral lessons he drew from his soap bubbles. I wonder how you would acquit yourself in giving us a lecture on your kite, which is now floating so high above our heads."

"Oh! yes," said Sophia, "we have enjoyed William's explanations so much, that I quite long to hear you."

"I can hardly refuse a request of two ladies so amiable and polite as you," said Gerard, with a profound bow, "but you will please to remember that I am not prepared for such a task as to deliver a lecture from my paper kite, and you will therefore excuse any imperfections or deficiencies in my humble effort."

"Begin," said Amelia. "We are not capable of criticism."

"As for me," said Sophia, "I shall be as quiet as a mouse, nor do I think my brother need fear criticism for his judgment."

"Pray don't flatter me, for that will only confuse me. I shall endeavor to show myself worthy of your partiality."

"Well said," cried William, who by this time had joined the group; "but I fear that you will be prevented from so doing, for I think the dinner bell will ring before you are half through with your compliments."

"Very true, William," said Gerard, "and therefore I shall commence at once. It is the pressure of the air that causes my kite to rise. When there is no wind, she will not rise, no matter how much string I may give her; and if thrown up, would fall down directly. So it is with men. The pressure of adversity is often both necessary and useful, in order to develope their energies and to spur them on to new discoveries, in order to supply their wants. Adversity teaches them to think and to act."

"Bravo!" exclaimed William. "I subscribe most heartily to your philosophy of the kite."

"If it is very stormy," continued Gerard, "the paper is torn and down comes the kite, or if the string is weak it will snap, and away goes the kite wherever the wind pleases. This teaches me that too severe trials and misfortunes may become as injurious and destructive to man as the storm to my kite. And as a kite cannot resist the storm unless covered with canvass and secured by a strong cord, neither can man overcome adverse fortune, unless held by the anchor of hope and sustained by perfect confidence in the Preserver of all things."

"How wonderful!" interrupted Amelia.

"Nor is this all that can be said. A moderate wind will raise my kite slowly without danger, whereas a strong wind will bear her swiftly, but with less safety. From this we may learn that moderation in all our undertakings is the surest path to success."

"That is true," added Sophia. "It is never good to be in too great haste.. I experienced that a few weeks ago while on a visit to my aunt in the country. I ran hastily into the garden to fetch my needle-

work which I had left there, to show to a lady who had just called to see my aunt, when my foot caught in the root of a tree, down I came on my forehead, and I returned to the house with a broken nose instead of my needle-work. But continue, Gerard, if you have anything more to say about your kite."

"If the tail of the kite is too light, it flutters and pitches in all directions, and if it is too heavy, it prevents the kite from rising. The first reminds me of a thoughtless man, who undertakes a weighty matter, without considering the cost, and all his projects remain unaccomplished, whilst the latter reminds me of a man who undertakes a burden greater than his shoulders can carry, and finds himself crushed beneath the weight of his own imprudence. And that illustrates: 'the golden mean is always to be chosen.'"

"Bravo," said William. "Consider well before you commence any thing. But we must not forget the proverb, 'Nothing venture, nothing win.'"

"Moreover," continued Gerard, "as my kite alternately sinks and rises until she has attained a certain height, so man in his pilgrimage on earth has to

battle with joy and sorrow until he reaches the land of rest, where tears and sorrows are unknown."

"Now I see," said Amelia, "that you, as well as William, can truly say that to play is to study, and I am only surprised that these plain truths and useful lessons have never been explained to me before."

"And I am proud," added Sophia, "of my two brothers."

"I fear, dear sister, you will spoil me by your flattery. But there goes the dinner bell, and as our recreation has sharpened our appetites, I shall be happy to follow you to the dining-room."

THE YOUNG GARDENERS

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One day during the holidays, Amelia called to see her young friends. She found them busily working in the garden, as if they had a taskmaster with his whip behind them. William stood with his spade, digging among the flower-beds, while Gerard was wheeling gravel. Sophia was amusing herself by chasing butterflies from flower to flower, with her curls flying in the air, regardless of the harm she was doing with her little feet, and of the pain she was causing with her mischievous hands. After a lively greeting, Amelia seized one of the spades near her, intimating her inclination to assist.

"Can any poor industrious female find employment in your establishment, master gardener?" asked she, in a sportive manner.

"I would much rather have you for my overseer,"

said Gerard. "Pray, what wages do you expect for your services?"

"The privilege of hearing another lecture and illustration of the manner in which play may be made instructive, and the pleasure of having the company of one so industrious and well informed."

"If you are satisfied with such poor pay, I certainly shall not decline your generous offer," replied Gerard.

"I am very fond of roses and gilly-flowers," said Amelia. "I wish you would inform me how they are raised to the best advantage."

"To propagate roses, I make use of shoots from the old bush, and plant them in good garden soil, or I place them in pots, keeping the earth sufficiently moist, and in a shady place, in order that they may take root. In this way common roses can be raised without much trouble. If you wish to have moss roses, monthly roses, or any other of the finer sort, from the shoots, they must be placed in a hot-house, in pots, covered with porous manure and sawdust, to the depth of a foot. For the first few days they should be protected, so that the tender plants be not withered by the heat. Mats will answer for this purpose.

If this is properly attended to, they will take root in a few days. You may then take them and the earth out of the pot, and transplant them into larger ones. This is done by inverting the flower pot in your hand, keeping the plant between your fingers, to protect the tender sprout from injury. By this method, we generally have roses the same summer."

"This seems to be very easy, indeed," said Amelia, "and as the expense does not appear to be great, I shall ask father to allow me to cultivate my own roses, and gratify my passion for flowers by my own skill."

"Indeed you may raise all sorts of flowers in the same way, or by putting the seed in vessels filled with good garden earth, keeping them in a shady place. But then you must not expect flowers before the second or third year."

"I am really very grateful for this useful and pleasant lesson; but, pray, did you gain all this knowledge at the Latin school?" said she, slyly.

"Not exactly; but I have learned there, that inquiry and attention are the only means of gaining useful knowledge. What I have told you, I have

learned partly by conversing with our gardener, and by watching him when at work."

"Well, if one can gain so much simply by listening attentively and by close observation, I shall be very careful not to lose any opportunity for instruction. Indeed I have already convinced myself that your gardening is as beneficial to your mind as to your body, and that your play is really study."

"What think you of my digging, Amelia?" asked William, leaning upon his spade, and wiping the perspiration from his face.

"I have no doubt of its being a very healthy employment, but I think it must be very laborious."

"True, but it is very honourable," answered he.

"Honourable!" exclaimed the maiden in surprise. "Explain that, if you please."

"You must know that among the ancient Romans, agriculture was held in such high esteem, that they took their second king, Numa, from behind the plough; and long afterwards, their greatest heroes, when they had returned from battle crowned with victory, exchanged the sword for the plough."

"That may have done very well for the Romans, but what do the nobles in our day think of agricul-

ture, and how would they receive a farmer for their king? I should think a peasant upon the throne would look almost as strange as Faustin I. in his marble palace."

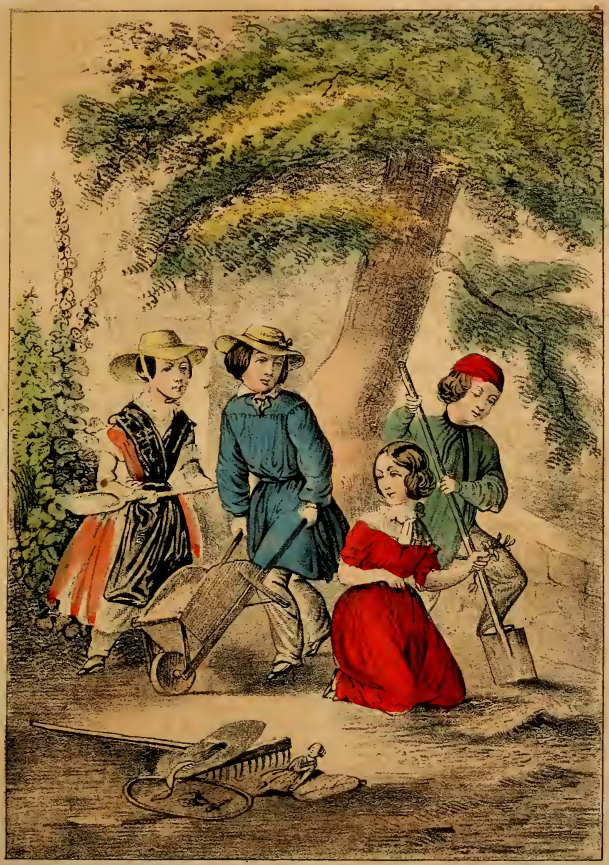
"There is no doubt," said William, "that agriculture is not considered so honorable as it was among the Romans, but I am happy to see the change which has already taken place. Agricultural societies have been formed and patronized by men of great learning and high standing. It is now becoming an object of interest as well as study, to elevate agriculture in the estimation of the public, and instead of investing all their money in commerce, men find it more profitable to lay it out in land. Indeed such was the case with my father, and many of our friends. But have you ever enjoyed the sight of a field of wheat or barley waving in the sun on a beautiful summer's day?"

"I must confess, William, I have not; but I would like to see one very much, if I had a chance."

"As we shall have a late dinner to-day, and the weather being fine, I shall be most happy to show you one of our fields immediately, if you would like to accompany me."

"Gladly, if Gerard and Sophia will join us?"

Without making any reply, they simultaneously threw down their spades, took up their hats, and were soon seen standing among the grain, apparently listening to the alternate remarks of our young philosophers.



THE TRIAL OF SOPHIA'S DOLL.

TRIAL OF SOPHIA'S DOLL.

"How shall we amuse ourselves to-day?" asked Amelia. "It is certainly too warm to run about much. Can't you think of some quiet game?"

"I have it," said Gerard, after a few minutes reflection. "Have you never heard of old Mrs. W., and her cruel daughter, who attempted to kill her mother by starvation?"

"Yes," answered Amelia. "It is a sad story; but what can that have to do with our play?"

"What would you think if we were to form ourselves into a court of justice, and try this unnatural daughter?"

"That is a grand idea," said William.

"Yes," cried both girls. "She shall have no mercy from our hands. But how shall we begin?"

"Let William be the judge," said Gerard.

"Oh, no! indeed," exclaimed William. "You are the oldest; you ought to be judge, and I will take the part of prosecuting attorney. Amelia may act as counsel for the defence."

"I do not like to spoil play," observed Amelia; but I wish you could assign to me some other part than that of counsel for the prisoner, for I should never be able to say a word in favor of such a monster."

"Well, you may take my place as judge, and I will try to discharge your unpleasant duty; for the law requires that an advocate should be allowed to all criminals."

Amelia was very glad to be relieved from the difficult task which was first assigned her, for really it would have been very unpleasant to say any thing which would have made the perpetrator of such an enormous crime appear less guilty.

"Surely, you are not going to make me play the part of the prisoner," cried Sophia, indignantly, when she saw that the other three had their places assigned to them."

"Oh, no! sister," said Gerard; "you shall be

clerk, if you will allow us to take your doll for the criminal."

"Bravo!" was the general exclamation, as they pounced upon the doll, with as much earnestness as if they were fearful that she might escape them.

Now that all things were satisfactorily arranged, the little court, consisting of four persons and the doll, opened. The doll, surrounded by branches of a tree to represent the criminal's box, was placed upon a large stone, Amelia, as judge, took her seat on a bench under a tree; near her sat Sophia. William placed himself at a little distance to their right, and Gerard, the prosecuting attorney, stood opposite to him.

The counsel for the prosecution, making a low bow to the court, opened his case with the following speech:

"Although the poor old woman who has been so shamefully abused by her unnatural daughter, (pointing at the doll,) is not present to accuse her of her crimes, and I firmly believe she, as a mother, does not wish to appear against her own child in open court, knowing what must be the consequence of a conviction, nevertheless I find it my duty to do my

utmost that such a great crime shall not go unpunished. It is a crime," continued William, with warmth, "at which humanity shudders. A daughter —an only child—wilfully imprisoning her own mother, a poor, aged, and bed-ridden widow, with the intent that she should perish by starvation! And though Providence frustrated her wicked design, she is still guilty, and deserves punishment. Nor does it appear that she had any reason to complain that her mother ever neglected her duty as a parent. Having been left a widow fifteen years ago, she supported herself and her daughter, who was then a mere child, by her own industry as a laundress. A severe cold which she took last winter while washing in the open air on a very cold day, threw her on a bed of sickness, from which she has never been able to rise. An attack of rheumatism has deprived her of the use of both hands and feet, and she was as helpless as an infant at the time her daughter perpetrated the crime.

"No sooner did this wretched girl observe the helplessness of her mother, than she began to treat her so inhumanly, that the neighbours saw proper to inform their village pastor, that he might remonstrate with

her. So, accordingly, he called upon her, in hopes of opening her eyes to a sense of her duty, but so far from ameliorating the condition of her mother, it only infuriated this monster, and filled her wicked heart with a thirst for revenge, and this horrible attempt upon the life of her poor mother was the fruit of the well-meant reproof of the pious man. As soon as the parson had left the house, she seized her cloak and bonnet, and turning to the bed with the fury of a tiger, "Mother," she exclaimed, "your lying tongue has done me much mischief, but I will show you how I can silence it forever." Without heeding her mother's beseeching looks, she left the house, slamming the door behind her, put the key in her pocket, and started for the city. Four days after this event, the pastor, wishing to hear from the old woman, what effect his remonstrance had produced, called at the house, but found the door locked. This appeared to him so unusual an occurrence, that he was induced to look in through the window. To his horror he saw the wretched invalid lying upon the floor at the foot of her bed, in a most pitiable condition. Knowing her helplessness, he called the neighbours to his assistance. The door was broken

open, and they found the poor widow stiff with cold, and life almost extinct. By the unwearied exertions of the humane neighbours, they at last succeeded in restoring her to life.

"The first evening after the departure of her daughter, the poor woman anxiously looked for her return, and so far from suspecting the wicked design, she was sure some evil had befallen her on the way. But when the morning came and no daughter had returned, her threatening words, "I will show you how I can silence your tongue forever," and the infuriated look which accompanied them, brought before her the fearful reality that her child had condemned her to the horrible death of starvation — The accused staid away six whole days, not doubting that her mother would be dead by that time, which would certainly have been the case, had the parson not called during her absence. I now think that what I have stated, all of which can be proved by several unimpeachable witnesses, will justify you in finding her guilty of the crime of matricide."

Gerard, as counsel for the prisoner, now arose and began his defence:

"May it please your Honor, I think I can prove

the innocence of my client, without much difficulty. Indeed, that a daughter, an only daughter, should wilfully premeditate the destruction of her own mother, and such a mother, by the excruciating death of starvation, is a crime too monstrous for any rational being to believe. As for the words which my learned brother has quoted to prove her guilt, they only prove to me her innocence. I deny that there was any threatening meaning in the expression of her determination to silence her in future. It was not by ill treatment, but by a change of conduct towards her mother, that she hoped to effect it, for the words of the good clergyman had so affected her, that she had resolved to reform, and started immediately for the city to procure the necessary comforts for her mother. Her mother's first anxiety was not without cause. She was taken ill on the way, and was confined at a friend's house, in the city, for six days. Far from forgetting her mother, she sent a man to the village to inform one of her neighbours of the circumstance, and beseeching her to take care of her mother till her return. If that man has neglected his duty, the guilt lies at his door, and not at that of my client. Unfortu

nately, her messenger was a stranger, or we should certainly bring him before a court of justice. I hope what I have said will clear the prisoner from this awful charge, and throw the expenses where they properly belong, upon the prosecution."

"It is not to be denied," said William, in reply, "that from the words, 'I will show you how I can silence your tongue forever,' little could be proved, if they were not supported by the irreverent words, 'your lying tongue,' and by her previous cruel treatment, almost as culpable as the offence for which she now appears before you. Can you believe that a message, upon which the life of a mother depended, would have been entrusted by a daughter, so lately brought to repentance, to an entire stranger, whose whereabouts is known to nobody? Moreover, there are witnesses enough to prove that during her absence she was seen a number of times in the city, walking with her friends. Nor can she prove that she had any medical aid during her six days absence. Having thus clearly exposed the weakness of the only defence which my learned brother could offer, I call for the conviction of the prisoner, without any further delay."

As Gerard did not attempt to say any more in favor of his client, it was now for the judge to pronounce sentence.

Amelia, after whispering a few words to Sophia, arose, and addressed the counsellors in the following words:

"Gentlemen, I confess that I am not capable of acting as the judge in this weighty matter. I therefore beg that you will permit me to resign my office, and allow me to return to my proper sphere. But if you wish to know my opinion as a girl, I must say that one who has acted so cruelly towards a mother, deserves no longer to see the light of the sun. And I am sure that every affectionate daughter will coincide with my opinion."

"Bravo!" cried Gerard. "I give you credit for your ingenuity. I had no idea you would contrive so well to escape from the responsibility of your office, as a judge, and I really wondered how you would manage to get out of it."

"And I," said Amelia, "was astonished to see how well both of you played your parts."

"Your wonder will cease," answered Gerard, laughing, "when I tell you that it was a mere repe-

tition of what we read in the newspapers at the actual trial of this horrible case, at our county court; for you know that our play was founded upon fact."

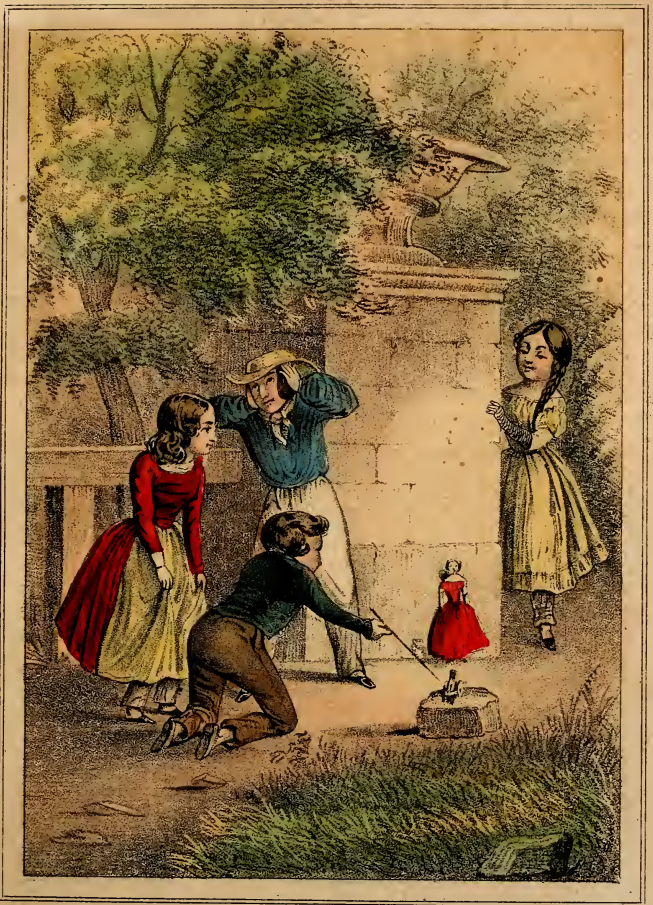
"Nevertheless, your merit remains the same, for having comprehended and remembered it so well, that you have been able to repeat it here with so much spirit and effect, as to make one believe it was original."

"Let us not waste our time," said William, "with such idle compliments, for they can only serve to make one conceited, instead of inciting to good deeds. Beside, the game is not ended. We have not determined what punishment the criminal shall receive, as the judge has so cunningly deserted us."

"That shall not detain us very long," cried William. "I will show you how to despatch a criminal of so black a dye." He then seized the doll, placed her before the mouth of a cannon which lay in the garden near them, and cried out, "Take care! I am going to shoot her."

Amelia not liking this proceeding, cried "Stop, stop! William, I think as the doll belongs to Sophia, she ought to have a word in the matter."

"Good, again!" exclaimed Gerard. "Really, your



Sarchet's Lith. Phila.

ingenuity is unbounded. If your sex disqualifies you for being a judge, I am sure your intellect does not."

"I thought that we were not going to have any more compliments," said Sophia. "If I have to decide the punishment of this wicked girl, I should say that we will imprison her here for her natural life, as it is our duty to see that she shall not outrage humanity again, and we will leave the sentence of condemnation, when she is called hence to answer for the deeds done in the body, before the Judge of all mankind."

"Had compliments not been prohibited," said William, "I certainly should have passed one upon you for allowing your prisoner time to repent and wash away her crime with tears of sorrow and remorse, instead of condemning her to the gallows. And you may be sure that her mother's blessing will rest upon you for your humanity."

THE SHIP LAUNCH.

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EARLY one beautiful morning, the last day of the summer vacation, Amelia and Sophia were sitting in the garden, in the shade of an old chestnut tree, consoling one another with the promise that they would often write (for Amelia was to return next morning to her school, several miles off,) and keep a faithful diary for their mutual exchange. Their hands were employed with their needles, finishing some elegant collars, which the two friends intended to present to one another, as a remembrance of the happy hours they had spent together, and as tokens of their pure friendship, when the merry voices of Gerard and William caught their ears.

"Good morning, ladies," cried the boys, taking off their hats and bowing respectfully as they approached. "You have chosen a very fine morning

for your grave conversation, ladies," added Gerard, but we ought to apologize for having so unceremoniously interrupted you."

"Unnecessary apologies are first cousins to flattering compliments," said Amelia good humouredly, making a slight bow as an acknowledgment that she was pleased to see them. "But pray, gentlemen, if you really feel the charm of this lovely morning, why have you wasted the best part of it in your beds?"

"How can you be guilty of so unjust a suspicion?" exclaimed Gerard, we know too well the homely proverb, 'The early bird catches the worm.' Indeed we were up before Apollo had taken his horses from the stable."

"Remember," said Amelia with a smile, "that early rising would bring no good to the bird if he were not industrious. What good have you done this morning by your early rising. From your allusion to Apollo I should say that you have been busy with your Latin, to make up for lost time. Just like school boys, wasting their whole vacation in idleness, and then at the last moment preparing their

exercises with as much haste as if they could travel to knowledge by steam."

"You are very satirical, to day, Amelia," said William, "and you seem inclined to read us a lecture. If you but knew what good news we have brought, I guess you would change your text."

"Pray, let us hear what bribe you have brought me."

"I am requested to invite you to see a sight which I am sure you have never had the opportunity of seeing before. Nothing less than the launch of a whale ship."

"Oh! delightful!" exclaimed Amelia; "I confess that your bribe is irresistible. But are you in earnest, William."

"If you doubt me, here is my brother. Ask him."

"Here is the invitation card," said Gerard, taking an embossed card from his pocket book, upon which the names of the two ladies were written.

"But surely it must be far from here. I do not recollect any sea-port town very near us, and I should not be willing to go a great way without my father's consent."

"Oh, it is all a trick," cried Sophia; "do not believe them, Amelia. We are a very long way off from the sea, and the only river in our neighbourhood is the stream that drives the mill, and which is so shallow, that a boy may wade across it. I think that the smallest boat would run aground in it."

"If the ladies will do us the honour to accompany us," said Gerard, appearing to be angry at having his word doubted, "your eyes shall bear testimony to our assertion. You shall not only see the launch of the ship, but behold her perfectly equipped for service."

"Let us venture it, Sophia," said Amelia, "I have no doubt there is a trick in it. But if it gives the gentlemen pleasure, we shall not spoil the fun."

"Pray, what preparation do you wish us to make for this grand sight, must we order the carriage, or can we walk the distance, and what dress would be suitable to such an august occasion."

"We are living in the country," said William; "People do not think it necessary to dress, in order to please the eyes of their neighbours, and therefore you need not spend much time upon your toilet."

They now walked to the house; the girls put on

their bonnets, and the boys busied themselves in packing up the several little things they thought they would require, not forgetting their fishing tackle, as it might be another means of affording some pleasure to the girls, in case the launch should fail to meet their expectations. In a few minutes, they were all ready. Gerard and William politely offered their arms to their companions, and the whole party took their way towards the mill stream.

As the girls had made up their minds that it was all a hoax, they had little to say on the road, though they were straining their eyes all the time, as if they really expected to see something wonderful in the distance, or at least something that would repay them for their long walk.

After they had been walking quietly for some time, Amelia broke the silence, by saying: "If we could but follow this stream in its winding course to the end of its journey, I am sure we should see ships, both in the water and in the ship-yards."

At this minute, something beneath their feet arrested their attention, and Gerard, who had led the way, threw down his fishing rod as a signal that they were in the dock-yard

"If this is your whale ship," cried Sophia, pointing to the little object which was propped up by sticks, and ready to slide into the water, "I should not like to be one of the crew, if I wished to escape the fate of Jonah. I think there is little danger of the market being overstocked with oil, if there are no larger vessels built for the purpose."

"True," said William, "but you must not forget that there are whaling ships, and also models of ships, and this is but a small model, sister.'

"Oh, a whaler in miniature! I understand you, but will model ships float, said Amelia.

"Certainly," answered Gerard, and in a very few minutes you will see her glide into the water as if by instinct."

He now removed a few of the props, and as the sloping plank upon which the little ship rested, was well greased, she slid down with as much ease, as if drawn by magic, and rested on the water so swan-like, that the girls simultaneously waved their white handkerchiefs in the air to express their admiration.

But soon the spirit of mischief returned, and Amelia asked ironically; "But are whalers ever sent out

without masts or sails. Or does it require a microscope to see them?"

"Now I know indeed that this is the first ship launch you have ever seen, or you would have known that the masts and rigging are never put on until the ship is afloat."

William now took off his shoes and stockings, waded into the water, fastened a cord to the vessel and towed her ashore, to rig her. As the masts, ropes, and sails were prepared beforehand, it did not take them very long to equip her, and no one who saw her, could have accused the boys of a want of ingenuity.

After they had amused themselves a long time by towing the boat up and down the stream, Amelia said, "as the wind does not seem to be favourable for you to go to sea to day, and as this towing seems to be a profitless job, let us sit down, and tell me how it happens, that you who are destined to be lawyers, are spending your time in building ships. Are you going to follow the example of Peter the Great?"

"Not by any means," replied Gerard, "this play of ship building does not interfere at all with our

studies, and you know my motto is, 'my play is study." '

"Speaking of your favourite motto, Mr. Philosopher, I would like to see how you could apply it to the sport of to-day, and why you have chosen ship building for your amusement."

"If we look," said Gerard, "to the many advantages which mankind have derived from the art of navigation, I should not be at a loss for arguments to vindicate my choice. But do you know anything of the origin of sailing vessels, or what first suggested to man the employment of sails as a means of navigation?"

"I confess my ignorance as usual," replied Amelia, "as I have lived in the country all my life, and have seen but little of ships, the philosophy of sailing has never entered my head, but I shall be happy to become a pupil, and learn from one who is so competent to instruct."

"Man," said Gerard with a low bow, as an acknowledgement of the compliment, "has learned the use of sails from the little Nautilus that always sails with the wind, by spreading his fin above him to catch the breeze."

"How singular that we should be indebted for so useful a discovery to a little creature that we are apt to look upon as useless. If men were not too wise in their own conceit, how many useful lessons they might learn from nature."

"Indeed" said William, "we have borrowed a great many things, but our conceit leads us to attribute our discoveries to some supernatural agency, or to things that are not, instead of placing the merit where it is due. The very form of the ship has been borrowed from fishes and swimming birds."

"Really," said Amelia, "if we were to examine all wonderful things through your glass, how many of our child-like delusions would vanish."

"As for our commerce, need I say how much its growth and success depends upon ship building, and how closely our comfort and happiness are thereby connected with it. Not only do we obtain the natural productions of different parts of the earth, by means of ships, but also the productions of their skill and ingenuity. Here too the pride of civilized nations might be somewhat abated, if they would but examine the very clothing they wear. See, that parasol which you find so necessary to protect you from

the sun. Not merely have you to thank the barbarians of China, for its shape and existence, but you know that the handle, which you have so much admired for its beauty and ingenuity has been brought to you from Canton by your uncle. And your Cashmere shawl, you know where that came from, and how superior it is to any thing of which Europeans can boast. You remember the delight which your Chinese puzzles and vases afforded us, all of which are the work of those whom we call barbarians. But let us return to our subject, and dwell upon the wealth that is yearly amassed by shipping. Not merely do your uncle and my father owe their elegant mansions and grounds to the gains of commerce, but the great rows of warehouses which you saw in your last visit to the city, owe their origin to the same cause. See how many sailors and families are supported by it. While speaking about sailors, I am reminded of another idea. If our sailors, who by commerce are brought into contact with these barbarous tribes, were moral and God-fearing men, what efficient missionaries would they become, but alas! it is not so. Indeed our sailors, when in these barbarous ports, often bring shame

upon their native land, by their rioting and drunkenness. Let me repeat to you an anecdote which I heard from the pulpit a short time ago. As one of our merchantmen was lying in the port of Smyrna, a part of her crew became intoxicated, and marched through the city, filling the streets with profanity and rioting. A venerable Mahometan, with a long flowing beard, arrested their progress by asking, "if they were not Christians?" They replied with an oath that they were. Then replied the old man "if you set any value on your bodies or souls, let me advise you to embrace the doctrine of Mahomet, for that would teach you that the first step to religion is sobriety and decency." This anecdote affected me sadly, and I have resolved to do my utmost in future for the good of these sailors, who by their laborious and dangerous life, and the great service they render the community at large, have a double claim upon us."

"I am glad to hear you speak so feelingly in behalf of these poor men, for they certainly have hitherto been too much neglected," said Amelia.

"Nor have I shown all the service which navigation has rendered to mankind. It has been of the greatest use to Astronomy. What new light it has

thrown upon the problems which perplexed the wisest philosophers of ancient times."

"Indeed, William, what you say is true," added Amelia, "I often think how these venerable sages would have stared, if any one had told them that a ship could sail around the earth, and come home without turning, and that neither the sun nor the stars revolve around the earth, but it is the earth revolving on its own axis, that brings about the change from day to night, and from night to day."

At this moment their interesting conversation was interrupted by Sophia crying "help! help! a whale, a whale," for she, becoming tired of their discourse, which was somewhat beyond her depth, had thrown her brother's fishing line into the water. A careless fish, not suspecting any evil, was to his cost tempted to nibble at the bait, and when he found himself caught would have escaped, had his own haste not entangled the line in a part of the little angler's dress. They all ran hastily to release the terrified girl, and when they had landed their prize in safety, they could not help laughing at the simple remark of the child. "How singular that I should have laughed

about Jonah, and I myself have nearly shared his fate, though I never set foot upon a ship."

"Now here is a cargo of fish for your ship at once," said Amelia, "though you have not ventured out of sight of land. William, will not this incident furnish you with a subject for one of your interesting and instructive lectures."

"As my brother did not say a word about the fishing trade, "answered William, "I think it will."

"By its means hundreds and thousands of families are supported. See how many men are employed in the herring and cod fishery. And how many large vessels are fitted out annually for the whale fishery, which from the many uses to which whale oil is applied, has almost become an indispensable to civilized countries."

"Are whales caught in the same way that I have caught mine, and do big fish ever attempt to run away with the angles as mine did?" asked Sophia, still trembling from her late fright.

"You have just touched upon a subject that would furnish matter of interest to heads older than ours. Not merely do the sailors often lose their lives in the whale fishery, and have their little boats destroyed

by the infuriated whale, but there are instances on record of large ships having been attacked, and actually sunk. As you seem to be interested in the matter, I will read to you a few paragraphs, which I have copied lately from one of our papers."

"The ship Ann Alexander, Capt. S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Masschusetts, June 1st, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific for sperm whale.

"On the 20th of August last, she reached what is well known to all whalers as the 'Off-Shore Ground,' in latitude 5 degrees 50 minutes south, longitude 102 degrees west. In the morning of that day, at about 9 o'clock. whales were discovered in the neighbourhood, and about noon the same day, they succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales—the larboard and starboard, the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had struck, was harpooned by the larboard boat. After running some time, the whale turned upon the boat, and rushing at it with tremendous violence, lifted open its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! Captain Deblois immediately pulled for the scene of

the disaster with the starboard boat, and succeeded against all expectations, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the boat—nine in number!"

"There were now eighteen men in the starboard boat, consisting of the captain, the first mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship, and the waist-boat was called into readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist-boat arrived, the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale, and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated, and proceeded at some distance from each other, as is usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time they came up to him, and prepared to give him battle. The waist-boat, commanded by the first mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course, suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance, by throwing themselves into the ocean.

"Captain Deblois, again seeing the perilious condi

tion of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had twice so narrowly escaped. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given than they discovered the monster of the deep making toward them with his jaws widely extended. Fortunately the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship and they all got on board in safety.

"After reaching the ship, a boat was despatched for the oars of the demolished boats, and it was determined to pursue the whale with the ship. As soon as the boat returned with the oars, sail was set, and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him and a lance was thrown into his head. The ship passed on by him, and immediately after they discovered that the whale was making for the ship. As he came up near her, they hauled to the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After he had fairly passed they kept off to overtake and attack him again. When the ship had reached

within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and as it was near sundown, they concluded to give up the pursuit.

"Captain Deblois was at this time standing in the night heads on the larboard bow, with craft in hand, ready to strike the monster a deadly blow should he appear, the ship moving about five knots; when working on the side of the ship, he discovered the whale rushing towards her at the rate of fifteen knots! In an instant, the monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern! She quivered under the violence of the shock, as if she had struck upon a rock! Captain Deblois immediately descended into the forecastle, and there, to his horror, discovered that the monster had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed impetuously. Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard, to keep the ship from sinking, as she had a large quantity of pig iron on board. In doing this, the mate succeeded in relieving only one

anchor and cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking rapidly. The Captain went to the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer, sextant, and chart. Reaching the decks, he ordered the boats to be cleared away, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was keeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing. He came upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last himself to leave the ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea and swimming to the nearest boat! The ship was on her beam-ends, her top-gallant yards under water. They then pushed off some distance from the ship, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, he discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind! The boats contained eleven men each, were leaky, and night coming on; they were obliged to bail them all night to keep them from sinking!

"Next day, at daylight, they returned to the ship,

no one daring to venture on board but the Captain, their intention being to cut away the masts, and fearful that the moment that the masts were cut away the ship would go down. With a single hatchet, the Captain went on board, cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up, and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes round their bodies, got into the sea, and cut a hole through the decks to get out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar and twenty pounds of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink, and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her any longer, so they set sail in their boats and left her.

"On the 22d of August, at about five o'clock P. M., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made signal, and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by the good ship Nantucket, of Nantucket, Mass., Captain Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them in every way the greatest possible hospitality."

"If whaling be so useful and indispensable," said Amelia, "the claims of the poor sailors who venture their lives in such an hazardous employment must be very great, and ought not to be overlooked by the community, who are more or less benefitted without risk or trouble."

"Yes," said Gerard, "their claims are indeed very great, and I am glad to tell you that many people are now exerting themselves to bring their claims before the public, and I know an instance of a lady in Massachusetts, who gave a large mansion to be converted into a seamen's home, and by the liberal aid of other citizens, it was soon fitted up for their reception, and I have no doubt that many who are able will follow the example, and that we will soon have homes for the sailors in every sea-port. But we forget that we are expected home somewhat earlier than usual to day, as we have to prepare for our journey to-morrow, as well as to bid our friends farewell."

On their way home, they all expressed their regret that this was the last walk they would enjoy together this summer.

"But you must write, Gerard," said Amelia, "and

send me some extracts from your readings, and I will try by my own reflection to draw some useful lesson from them and when we meet again in the winter, you will be able to tell whether I have found out the hidden truth they contain."

"And you, William," said Sophia, "must do the same for me, as I do not intend to spend my time in making dolls any more, but will read your letters instead."

The boys promised very politely to do so, and probably would have made a fine speech for the compliment passed on them, if time had permitted

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From Gerard to Amelia.

"I should have attended to your kind request before now, had not my studies prevented me. The interest with which you listened to William's explanation of some of Æsop's sayings, leads me to believe that you will be pleased with the following selections of some of Krummacher's Parables.

"You must not suppose that it is my wish to show you my taste in selecting them, but that you may

become acquainted with the merit of the author, and be instructed as I have been by the deep moral which they convey to the reflective reader."

KRUMMACHER'S PARABLES, ETC.

THE FIRST PARABLE.

THE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

In a time of violent persecution, a few families fled with their young children to a distant and uninhabited island on the coast of Asia, to be out of the tyrant's reach. But no sooner had they reached the peaceful shore, when the old people died, and left their young alone in a wild region, far away from the rest of mankind, with no one to guide or instruct them.

In time they grew up into a little community, ignorant of all things around them, and what was much worse, ignorant of themselves. Nevertheless, a tradition was left amongst them that there was an omnipotent being called God.

As they were ignorant of God's laws and his government, they worshipped the stream that ran

through their valley, for they drank of its waters, and refreshed themselves when they were weary

But at times the stream would swell and destroy both man and beast. Then the people trembled, and the old men said; "Our God is angry, let us bring him our best and dearest as a sacrifice, to reconcile him." And a decree went forth that they should bring their first-born as a sacrifice whenever the flood should rise.

On the least appearance of a cloudy or rainy day, the mothers wrung their hands in agony, in fear that before the day was over their beloved ones might be demanded of them. This superstitious devotion cruelly sported with the holiest feelings of nature.

One day after there had been much rain, the river began to rise, the children had already been selected for sacrifice, and mothers were seen with their infant babes in their arms, and eyes streaming with tears when a stranger approached them, and said, "Who has required this horrible sacrifice of you? Why not subdue the stream?" But the people shrank back in horror at these words, and some of them said, "he blasphemes our God.— Away with him into the flood."

But the man had a stringed instrument in his hand and he began to play and to sing, and bent his way toward the mountain and many followed him, for they were charmed by his music. Here he persuaded them to break off stones, and they made an embankment to confine the stream in its course. And when the rain came the waters rose, leaped and roared on their downward way without destruction or injury.

When the people saw it they cried out; "The stranger is God, for he subdues the stream." The old man smiled, and said; "Then are you all Gods for it was by your hands that the work was done. You have been ignorant of the strength hidden in you, until my words awakened you and aroused you to action. Try to know what is within you, and then will you know what God is."

The stranger remained with them, and taught them how to cultivate the soil and many other useful things. Now when they saw how the fields became fruitful from the rain and the dew, they looked upward, and said, "there God must dwell. Let us bring him a sacrifice of our first fruits." Then they built an altar in a high place, and kindled a fire, and burned their finest fruits as a token of their gra

titude. When the smoke rose towards Heaven, the people rejoiced in their simplicity. Thus they remained happy, and their valley continued to bring forth its increase.

But in time the people became restless, and asked the wise man what was the likeness of God.

Then the stranger, not being able to restrain them, took wood and carved it into an image like themselves. And they took the image, placed it in a tent which they built for the purpose, and called it the "House of God." And now they were satisfied, and ceased to make any further inquiries about God and his dwelling place, for they said, "this is our God, and this is his dwelling place." Then they brought food and drink offerings, and placed them before the idol with songs and shouts.

Then the wise man saw his error and he said to them, "let us see whether this image be God or not." Then he took fire and threw it into the tent, and soon the whole was consumed, and the people said "if this was not our God, tell us where he dwells that we may go and seek him and do him homage."

But the stranger said "behold the trees and flowers, how they grow and bloom in silent beauty. You

cannot see the life-giving breath that hovers around them, and quickens them, and all that is on earth both man and beast, by day and night.

" God is not a substance, and therefore he is invisible. Leave off searching after the form and abode of your God, but let your hearts be filled with love to one another, as his is towards all he has created. Then will you be near to God, and God will dwell in you."

In the course of time a wild beast came down from the mountains and devoured many, and the people began to be afraid and hid themselves in their huts, for they said it was the evil spirit who had come down amongst them, whose power they could not resist.

But the wise man prevailed upon them to follow him and to make hunt upon the monster. On their way they passed the house of *Palmi*, who was a proud man and full of envy towards the wise stranger, and he said " why do you follow him? He is in league with the monster, and he takes pleasure in your distress in order that he may govern you with more ease, when your number is diminished." While he was thus deriding the good man with his malicious

tongue, his youngest son had wandered from the house unobserved toward the mountain, and behold a huge lion advanced with open mouth, and fearful roar. The people retreated before the monster, and Palmi and his wife stood in their doorway, wringing their hands in despair. But the wise man observing the danger of the child ran to meet the wild beast, slew him and brought back the trembling child uninjured to the arms of his parents. When the parents saw what the stranger whom they had wronged so much had done for them, they fell upon their faces and cried "we are unworthy to look up to thee or to offer thee thanks."

The people now also returned and would have worshipped the wise man, for they said "that God must dwell in him, otherwise he would not risk his life for the sake of his enemies." Then the wise man said "children, the same spirit that commanded me thus to act, dwelleth in you. Therefore you praised my deed higher than my strength. And brother Palmi is also quickened by the same spirit or he would not lie upon his face weeping and repenting. It is in the child's heart too, who now throws his arms about my neck to show

his love and gratitude. Let your hearts be full of gratitude and truth and God will always be with you."

Then the people said "truly it is neither the image, the temple, nor the name, that is God, but it is the holy spirit that worketh by love."

THE SECOND PARABLE.

THE YOUNG ARTIST AND HIS PICTURE.

A young artist, after having finished a picture with which even his master could find no fault, entirely abandoned his studies, for all his time was absorbed in contemplating his own work, for he thought that it would be impossible for him to surpass it.

One morning he arose early, intending to feast his eyes with the contemplation of his own skill, but found that the whole painting had been defaced. Full of anger and vexation he ran to his master, to inform him of the outragous and barbarous act. But the master received him mildly and said "it was I who did it, but not with malice. It was for thy own good. However much the picture might have exhibited thy labour and genius, I feared that it would prove thy ruin, for it was not the painting that

claimed thy admiration, but it was thyself in the painting. After all it was not perfect, though it may have appeared so to us. It was merely a study. Take thy pencil and see what thou canst create anew. Do not regret the sacrifice. The great and excellent must dwell in our hearts before we are able to transfer it."

Encouraged by his master's noble words, the youth seized the brush and finished the well known painting, "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia." For this youth was no other than Timanthes.

THE THIRD PARABLE.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER.

A FATHER and his son being on an excursion became separated by a stream. As it was too broad for the boy to jump over, he cut a stick from the bushes that grew along its margin, placed one end into the brook, supported himself with confidence upon the other, and gave himself a powerful swing. But behold! the stick was from an elder bush, and just as the boy was above the middle of the stream his support broke, and he fell and sank beneath the water. A shepherd who from a distance observed the accident came running, out of breath, hoping to rescue the boy from a watery grave. But soon he saw him breasting the waves manfully, and swimming with a laugh to the shore.

Then said the shepherd to the father: "You seem

to have taught your son much, but one thing you have forgotten. That he ought to examine all things before he ventures to lean upon them for support, or succor. If he had examined how hollow his stick was within, this misfortune would not have happened to him."

"Friend," replied the father, "I have sharpened his eye and exercised his strength, and can now leave him to experience. Age will teach him distrust, but in the meantime I fear no danger, for his eye is quick, and his energies disciplined."

THE FOURTH PARABLE.

JUDGE NOT FROM OUTWARD APPEARANCE.

Once a rich man received a visit from a friend of his youth, who had for many years dwelt in a far country. To show respect to his old playmate he made a great feast, and invited many of the great and noble. The stranger complimented his friend on the magnificence of his house and the happiness he enjoyed.

Then the rich man took an apple from a golden vase, which stood by him and gave it to his guest, with these words:—"Is this apple not beautiful and lovely to look at?" The stranger took the fruit, cut 't in two, and lo! a worm was gnawing at the heart.

THE FIFTH PARABLE.

AN UNPROFITABLE ARGUMENT.

Two men who had devoted their lives to Natural History met one day at a friend's house, and talking about the character and habits of different animals, were about to congratulate each other upon the agreement in their opinions, when a cat chanced to look in at the door.

This little incident immediately converted their agreement into discord, for one said "I wonder that any one should have such a malicious, ungrateful animal about the house. How fortunate that its strength is not equal to its will, for its disposition resembles that of the tiger."

The other remarked "that he thought that the cat resembled the lion, both in spirit and form. She is

affectionate and cleanly, and on that account hates the troublesome dog. She is the most beneficent of all the domestic animals."

At this remark the first speaker became enraged, for he had a favourite dog at home.

Thus they separated with feelings of hostility to each other. One went to look after his collection of living birds with which the cats had often made too free, and the other to his stuffed birds which the mice had often gnawed, to his vexation.

THE SIXTH PARABLE.

THE TRUSTING ROBIN.

The rigour of the winter brought a robin to the house of a good hearted farmer. He opened his window, the confiding bird entered, and feasted itself upon the crumbs under the table. The children became much attached to the little visitor, and always treated it kindly. When spring came, the farmer opened the window and away flew the little bird, to sport in the neighbouring wood with its former companions.

Now when winter returned the same robin came again, and brought his mate with him. The farmer and his little children were delighted with the confidence which the little creatures showed.

"It seems almost as if they had something to say," cried one of the younger children

"Yes," said the father. "And if they could speak they would say, 'kind treatment awakens confidence and love.'"

THE SEVENTH PARABLE.

THE INNOCENT FANCY OF A CHILD.

It was a serene evening in summer, when a mother sat in the nursery, rocking a lovely babe to sleep. Her little Adelaide came into the chamber with beaming eyes, saying, "Dear mother. Oh! come into the garden, I will show you something very pretty."

"Not now, my child," answered the mother. "I cannot leave your little brother by himself."

"Oh! dear mother," said the little girl, "let us take little brother with us, that he may see the pretty sight."

The mother arose, looked into the cradle, and when she saw her infant in deep slumber, she took the hand of the skipping girl, and allowed herself to be led into the garden by her.

As soon as they reached the open air, her little

daughter pointed to the sky, and exclaimed, "Do you see the flock of little lambs yonder. A whole flock. More than I can count. How beautiful! How lovely! Too lovely for me to enjoy it alone."

The mother lifted up her eyes and contemplated the clouds with admiration. She saw that her child had mistaken the delicate fleeces of white clouds, floating in the moonlight, for young lambs grazing in the meadows.

Thus Adelaide's innocent fancy saw earthly things sporting in the sky above.

THE EIGHTH PARABLE.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Little Charlie came with wild joy out of the garden, and exclaimed, "What a beautiful butterfly I have caught. It sat on a flower, and its wings glistened more brightly than gold and silver. So I walked softly towards it, stretched out my arms and caught it. Now I shall keep it in my chamber, where I shall guard it and feed it well."

Then said his father, "Let me see your little captive, that I may admire it too."

Charlie thrust his hand hastily into his bosom, and pulled out the beautiful butterfly, but behold! the wings of the insect had lost their brilliancy, for his rude grasp had deprived them of their variegated

dust, which had so much attracted him, and they were broken and powerless.

At the sight of this change, the boy threw the poor butterfly down with disgust and said, "How miserably am I deceived."

Then the father asked, "With whom are you displeased? Surely it is not the fault of the delicate creature that it faded at your rude grasp!"

THE NINTH PARABLE.

REPENTANCE.

A GARDENER had planted a row of superior fruit trees, which he had procured at a great expense, and when they bore their first fruit he was delighted, to see the reward of his labour.

One night the neighbour's son, a wicked boy, persuaded one of the gardener's children to go with him and rob the young trees, before the fruit was quite ripe.

When on the following morning, the gardener found his young trees much injured and much fruit taken from them, he was grieved, and much troubled, and said "what wicked hands have done me this wrong? Surely they will receive their due punishment some day."

These words went to the heart of the gardener's son, and he ran to his evil companion. "Why have

we done so wickedly? My father is much grieved, and I cannot look into his face, for I know I have done very wrong."

But the other boy being hardened in his wickedness laughed at him, and said "what need is there, for your father to know who has done it."

When the time came that the fruit was ripe, the gardener gave some of them to all his children, who were overjoyed with the gift.

But Gotthold, the boy who robbed the trees, hid his face and wept bitterly. When the father asked him the reason, Gotthold replied:—"I am unworthy of your kindness father, for it was I who robbed your garden; punish me for I deserve it. I was misled by our neighbour's son."

His father took him up and pressed him to his heart, and said "I forgive you my child! may this be the last time that you need to conceal from your father, and then I shall not be troubled about the trees."

THE TENTH PARABLE.

THE SPIDER.

A CHILD went with his father in the vineyard, and there he saw a bee in the net, and an ugly spider. The spider was just opening his fangs to attack the bee, when the child took his stick, broke the web, and set the little prisoner free.

When the father saw this, he asked the boy, "How he could be so regardless of the toilsome and beautiful web, which the spider had prepared with so much ingenuity."

And the child replied:—"Has the spider not directed all her ingenuity to blood and malice; whilst the bee collects honey and wax, from which man derives much benefit and pleasure."

But said the father; "perhaps you have done the spider injustice; for see how her web protects the

grapes from flies and wasps, who otherwise would do much mischief."

"Ah!" said the boy:—"It is not with the intent to shield the grapes, but to satisfy his thirst for blood that the spider labours with so much dexterity."

"True," said the father, "probably the spider has little reason to be concerned about the grapes."

"Then," said the boy, "the good the spider does is of no avail to his spiteful character; for a good intention is certainly the only merit in a good deed."

"True," said the father, "but nature you see knows how to apply even malicious things for the preservation of the good and useful."

"And why" asked the boy, "why does the spider not work his web in social union, like the bees, who live together with so much comfort and happiness?"

"Dear child," said the father, "only for good ends can multitudes associate. The bond of malice and selfishness carries the seed of destruction within itself; but nature has placed the hostile and the friendly, the malicious and the good, side by side, so that the contrast might be the greater, and thus convey a lesson to those who are willing to learn."

THE ELEVENTH PARABLE.

A TYPE ON EARTH.

When Adam, the first father of the human race, had to leave the lovely Garden of Eden, he mourned many long days, and he said to Eve; "What will now be our way upon earth, and who will guide us?" Then they went to the Cherub with the flaming sword, that guarded Eden, and said, weepingly, "Alas! the inhabitants of heaven will no longer walk with us as they did when we were in Eden, and before we had sinned. "Oh! servant of the Most High, wilt thou intercede for us that the everlasting Father of truth and light would send down an angel or star to guide us in the right path."

Then the earnest Cherub answered; "Man has a star within himself which exalts him, though fallen, above stars and suns which revolve in the firmament. Follow that star!"

But Adam wept anew, and said, "Oh, thou favoured servant of Jehovah, give us a symbol, on which we may look, and which we may follow, so we may not again fail in our course. For once enticed from good, our eyes and ears are easily closed against the light, and the still voice of the inner man.

Then the thoughtful Cherub thus spake to Adam, "When the Eternal formed thee out of the dust, and the beams of the morning light breathed into thee the breath of life, then thou lifted up thy manly head towards heaven, and thy first look was upon the sun. Well, then, let that be the type of thy course! See with what joyful aspect he enters upon his high career when he begins his daily work. He strays neither to the right nor to the left, but goes on his way, shedding light and bliss. He smiles on the storm raging under his feet, and he comes forth with more splendor and glory from beneath the clouds that had enveloped him. Grave man, let this be thy type of thy course on earth!" So spake the Cherub, and the son of the dust bowed before him and was silent.

Then Eve also came and wept, and the Cherub pitied the woman, and said with a smiling aspect,

"When the Creator of all good formed thee, and breathed into thy bosom the breath of life in the twilight of the evening, then thou didst not dare to look up, but thine eyes rested on the plants and flowers of Eden, and on the bubbling fountain which flowed near thee. So let thy work be like the quiet goings of motherly earth! She wends her peaceful way on, without noise and dazzling splendor."

Still and unobserved she brings forth her plants, trees, fountains, and rivulets. Gently and unnoticed, she cherishes and nurses on her bosom her children to blooming fruit, and her own creations are her ornament! Gentle woman let this be the type of thy course on earth. Eve threw herself on her face and wept.

THE TWELFTH PARABLE.

THE SEVEN CHILDREN.

Early in the morning, soon after sun-rise, a pious father and mother entered the chamber, where their little children, seven in number, lay fast asleep.

The bright morning sun shone through the window, and added beauty to the rosy cheeks of the little sleepers.

But the mother sighed deeply and wept, for there was a scarcity in the land.

When the father perceived her sorrow, he said, "Mother why weepest thou? Seest thou not the messenger of his love, the glorious sun, smiling on our little ones, and will He who has given them life, will he not also send food. Shall we not have the same confidence in our heavenly Father which these our children have in us?

When he had thus spoken he led her gently into the garden and said, "Behold how cheerfully the sun has began his daily work! Let us do likewise."

And they worked daily till the going down of the sun; and the Lord their God blessed their labours, and they and their children had enough, and to spare for those who were in want. For faith and love gave them strength and courage.

FROM WILLIAM TO SOPHIA.

"Dear Sister:

"Gerard has told me that he has sent to Amelia some parables of Krummacher, which he has selected. To show that I have not forgotten my promise to you, I send you a selection from my exercises, in hopes that you will find some pleasure and profit in reading them, for I think that some of them are full of truth and wisdom. But pray do not criticise my first effort too severely, for some of them I have transcribed from memory; however, I shall be very happy for you to compare them with the original, and note all which you may think wrong, and when we meet next Christmas, I shall have great pleasure in listening to all your remarks.

P. S. As you are acquainted with the English language, allow me to recommend to you Dr. Hedge's "Prose Writers of Germany," published in Philadelphia. It is a book well worth reading.

THE VALUE OF SYMPATHY.

The world, with its hills and dales, and forests and rivers, and crowded cities, would be a void space, unless we knew of some human being who walks with us through our earthly pilgrimage, both in thought and sympathy.—Goethe.

THE WISH GRATIFIED.

The angel who watches over the flowers, and sprinkles the dew-drops in the stillness of the night, sat down, one warm spring day, near a rose-bush. "Oh lovely child," said the angel to the rose-bush, "I feel the mild influence of thy sweet and refreshing fragrance. If thou hast any wish in thy breast, gladly would I grant it thee."

"Then adorn me with a new charm," said the spirit of the rose-bush, "that I may be more attractive."

And the angel decorated the queen of the flowers with the simple moss.—Krummacher.

THE EARLY VIOLET.

At the first warm beams of the sun in March, a tender violet peeped out from beneath its friendly shelter to rejoice at its newly budding life. But the snow had not forsaken the mountain tops, and the shady nooks of the valleys, and as the sun declined the evening wind blew cold over the fields. Then the violet shuddered and shrank together, and said, "Oh, why must I die so soon, just when I hoped to live."

But the invisible spirit of the flowers answered, "Why didst thou, so tender and young, expose thyself to the rude blasts, for which thou wert never intended. A delicate creature must perish in frost, and snow, and storm. But I will put thy head at night again into thy mothers lap, where thy sisters are still slumbering in peace, and there thou shalt remain until the storms are past, when thou mayest return to life and light.—Schreiber.

THE GUIDING STARS.

It was a cold, cloudy night, when old Herman and his son crossed over the moors. They had been travelling the whole day, and rejoiced at the prospect of soon reaching their home, but the clouds were so thick that not a ray of light fell upon their path.

The old man who had often trod the same road, never doubted that he could find his way, when suddenly he cried out, "My son we have lost our path, for we are near a wood which is strange to me, and must be far from our home."

The boy seized his father's hand with a palpitating heart, for he dreaded the idea of staying all night upon the moor. While they consulted together, a strong easterly wind blew across the wide plain, scattering the clouds, and the bright stars became visible. "Thank God," cried Herman, "now we shall find our way easily enough."

"How so?" asked the boy in surprise.

"Do you not see Sirius?" replied the Father.

"What of that?" answered the boy.

"At this season of the year," said the old man, "he stands directly over our village, and if we keep to the right, we shall reach our home this very night."

With surprise, the youth said, "Who would have thought that we should find our way upon the earth by looking up to the stars?"

The father answered, "The stars in dark nights are indispensable to the traveller. They guide him in his path, and enable him to find it when he has wandered from it. I will teach you the courses of these lights, so that they may be your guide when I am called hence. And soon I will show you other stars. You cannot see them with your bodily eyes, but I will show them to you in the spirit, and they will guide you to your heavenly home."

Thus the two conversed together on their way, and before the midnight hour had passed, they stood before their own door.—Nonne.

THE NEW YEAR'S OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

An old man stood on a New Year's eve at his window, and cast a look of despair at the clear sky above; he looked upon the cold white earth, where no creature seemed so friendless and forsaken as he.

For he was on the brink of the grave, covered not by the verdure of youth, but by the snows of age, and he could recal nothing of his past life but error, sin, and sickness; a body broken down with disease, an impoverished soul, a breast full of trouble, and an age full of remorse.

His youthful days stood before him as spectres and brought to his recollection that glorious morning when his father placed him at two parting roads, the one to the right leading to a life of pleasantness, sunshine, virtue, and peace, where angels walk; the one to the left, to the dark gates of destruction, full of serpents and of frightful aspect. The serpents

hung around his breast, ready to dart upon him with their poisonous fangs, reminding him of the way he had chosen.

With inexpressible grief, of which no happy mortal can conceive, he cried to heaven "Give me back my youthful days. Oh! father place me again at the parting of the ways, and see which I will take now."

But his father and his youthful days had vanished long since. He saw nothing but the *ignis fatuus* of the marshes dancing in the grave-yard, appearing and disappearing. "Alas! cried he, "these are my days of folly!" He saw the stars drop from heaven, glitter in their descent, and vanish on the earth. "They resemble me," said he, with a bleeding heart, and the serpents of remorse plunged deep into his heart. His sickly imagination showed him prowling goblins upon the roofs of the houses, and the wing of a windmill ready to strike him down, and a masked figure left in the empty charnel house assumed his own likeness.

In the midst of his agony, music suddenly broke upon his ears from the neighbouring tower, greeting the new year. His mind became calmer, and he

looked around the horizon and the distant earth; he thought upon the friends of his youth, who were now happy fathers of joyful children, and teachers, blessing mankind by their daily toil.

"Ah!" cried the miserable man, "I might now enjoy this new year's night like them, had I chosen the same path, and fulfilled my destiny as a man."

In the feverish reminiscences of his youth, it appeared to him as if the mask which had been left in the charnel house, was changed into that of a living youth. He could no more look up; floods of burning tears dimmed his eyes, rolled down his cheeks, and were lost in the snow. "Oh!" sighed he in despair, "youthful days! could you but return to me!" how differently would I act!

And they did return. For it was only a fearful dream. He was still a youth. But his choice of the fearful way was no dream, for he had chosen the road to the left, and he thanked God that there was yet time for him to retrace his steps.—Richter.

THE ECHO.

"Hop! hop!" shouted little Harry with glee, as he was sporting in his father's meadow near the wood-side.

"Hop! hop!" resounded the forest.

"Who's there?" asked Harry with surprise; for he had never heard of an echo.

"Who's there?" was the echo.

"You blockhead!" cried Harry at the top of his voice.

"You blockhead!" was the reply.

At this Harry called out many ugly names and the forest faithfully repeated them all.

Now when Harry could not see who it was that was speaking in the wood, he ran home to his mother, complaining that a boy hid in the forest had used very bad words to him.

"Ah," said his mother, "this time Harry you are your own accuser. For you have heard nothing but the echo of your own words. Had you used kind and becoming words, the forest would have repeated the same."

The treatment we receive from our neighbours is generally the reflection of our own behaviour.

THE WOLF ON HIS DEATH-BED.

A WOLF lay at his last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. "It is true, said he, I am a sinner, but yet I hope none of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done good. Once I remember, a bleating lamb, that had strayed from the flock, came so near my dwelling place, that I might easily have caught it: but I let it pass by without molesting it, though I had nothing to fear from protecting dogs."

"And I can testify to all that," said his friend the fox, who was with the wolf in his dying hours. "I remember perfectly the whole circumstance. It was just at the time when a leg of a sheep was in thy throat, and almost choked thee to death.—LESSING.

THE APE AND THE FOX.

NAME to me an animal, however skilful, whom I could not imitate! So boasted the ape to the fox. But the fox replied, "and do thou name to me an animal so silly as to think of imitating thee!"

LESSING.

THE EAGLE AND THE FOX.

"Be not so proud of thy flight!" said the fox to eagle. "Thou flyest high in the air for no other purpose but to be better able to look about for carrion." So there are men who study not from the love of truth, but for the gold it may bring them.

LESSING.

THE VIOLET.

Little Maria walked into the country with her parents on a spring morning.

"Mother," said the child, "Why are violets loved and praised so much?"

The mother replied; "they are the first gift of spring, after the cold winter. We enjoy the good and the beautiful most, when we have long been deprived of them."

"And it is received with so much more gratitude," said the father, "because spring presents the flower quickly, and so early. Whoever does good promptly, shows that he does it cheerfully, and multiplies thanks and heightens the joy."

"Is not the violet also called the flower of modesty," asked Maria.

"It well deserves the name," said her mother.

"For it grows in retirement, low down amid the bushes, and yet blooms as beautifully, and smells as fragrant as any of the other flowers."

"And we value it, and seek after it no less," said the father, "and rejoice when we find it."

"It is lovely too," exclaimed Maria; "that nature presents the modest, beautiful flower so early!"

"That is to show us," said the mother smiling, "that the beautiful and good must bloom early in them, in order to bear wholesome fruit afterwards."

Now on the way, under the thorns, Maria found a full-blown violet. But a large dew-drop stood in the blue cup of the flower, and by its weight, bent it to the ground.

The little girl stood looking at the flower, and said, "The heavy drop will break the violet, and sink it to the earth."

"Oh no, Maria," answered the mother, "the brilliant drop glitters, indeed, in the lovely cup like a pearl; but the sun will soon evaporate it, and then the violet will lift itself, blooming more beautifully, and diffusing more fragrance"

"It grows too," said the father, "under the thorns, but they do not shade it too much: they defend the

delicate flower from the cold breeze of night, and from the stormy wind. For it is a foster child of celestial love."

Then Maria looked at the flower, and said, "Then I will not pluck it, until it is strengthened by the dew-drop, and rises up."

"How easily," said the mother, "simplicity and love believe in the heavenly."

"Because they themselves are heavenly," said the father.—KRUMMACHER.

PRAYER.

The beautiful and lovely Cornelia had watched at her mother's bedside for more than a week, for her mother lay ill, and delirious from fever.

Many a silent tear the affectionate child had shed, and many a prayer she sent up to heaven, for her mother's recovery was doubtful.

But on the eve of the ninth day, the long wished for slumber came, and her mother revived. Cornelia, full of hope and anxiety, sat all night at her mother's bed till the dawn of the morning, when her parent opened her eyes and said, "Surely I shall recover! for I feel much better."

Full of joy, Cornelia gave her mother some nourishment and she slept again. Then she gently opened the chamber door, and walked into the garden.

The sun was just casting his first rays on the earth, and Cornelia's face beamed with gratitude as she thought on the renewed life of her mother. She knelt upon the grass, bowed her face to the earth, and mingled her tears with the dew of heaven.

Then she returned to her mother's chamber, with a face more lovely than before, for she had communed with God.

THE CHILD'S HYMN.

He sendeth sun, he sendeth showers,
And both are needful for the flowers;
So joy and grief alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me, or cloud, or sun,
Father! thy will not mine be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove,
With murmurs those they trust and love?
Creator! I will ever be
A trusting, loving, child to thee,
As comes to me, or cloud, or sun,
Father! thy will not mine be done!

Oh! ne'er will I at life repine,
Enough that thou hast made it mine;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me, or cloud, or sun,
Father! thy will not mine be done!

THE END.